



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

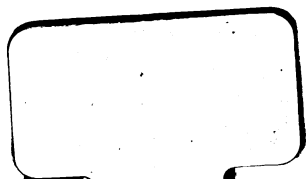
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

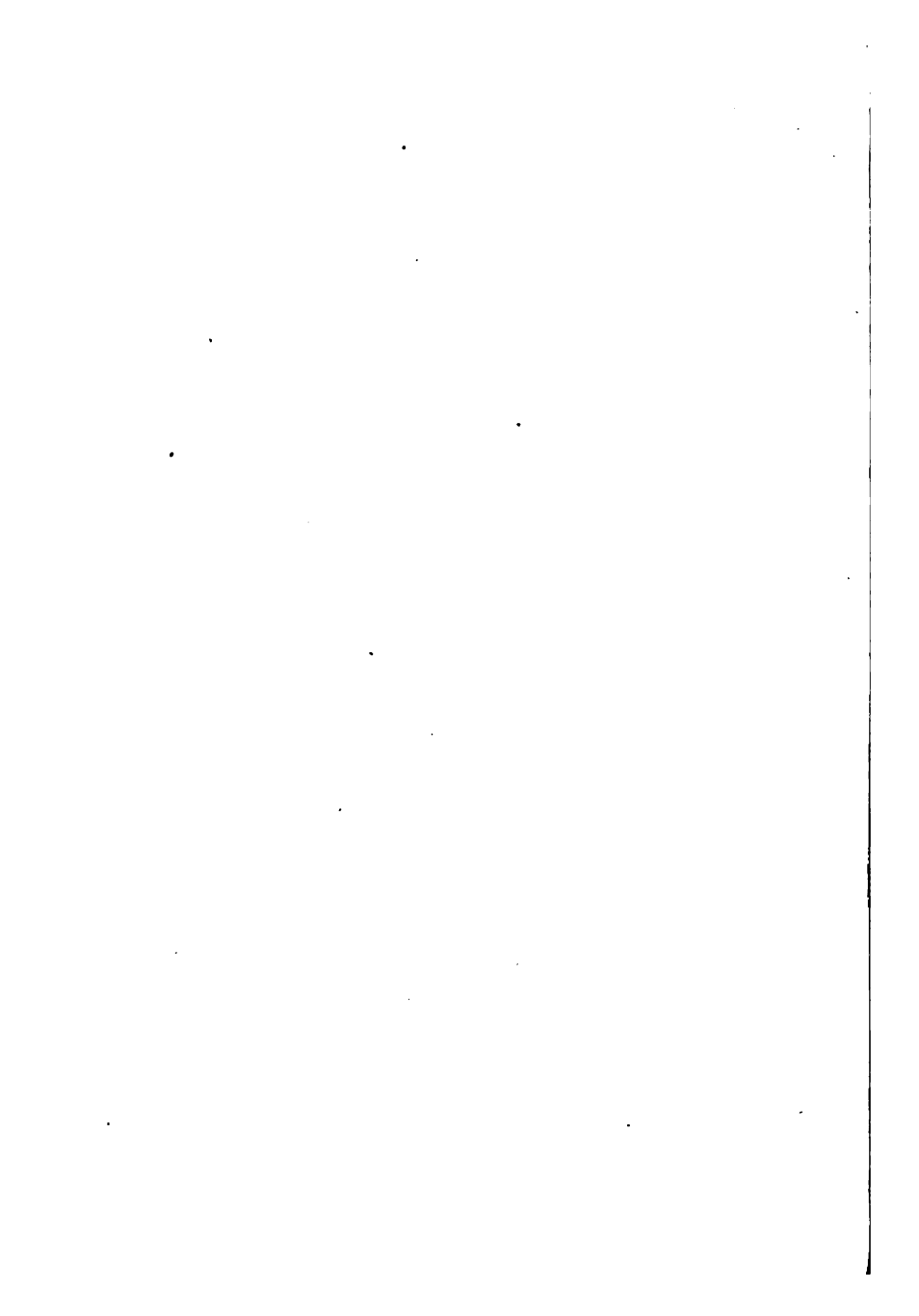
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



600097404U









LINDSAY LEE.

Frontispiece.

LINDSAY LEE
AND HIS FRIENDS.

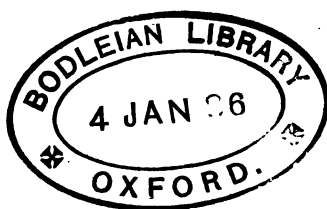
A Story for the Times.

BY
P. E. S.,
AUTHOR OF "BIDDY THE MAID OF ALL WORK,"
"TIBBY THE CHARWOMAN," ETC.

London:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXXXV.

1489. f. 448.



Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Limited, London and Aylesbury.



LINDSAY LEE.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD BOOK STALL.

—— ‘The place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers.’



‘REFORM!’ muttered Lindsay Lee, turning contemptuously away, ‘it strikes me there’s much need of it; but charity should always begin at home; why, it was only last Saturday that I saw Sandy’s poor, miserable-looking wife, watching at the public-house door, to catch a few shillings of his wages to buy bread for her half-starved, half-naked children. Reform, forsooth!’ and again Lindsay’s lip curled contemptuously.

It was the dinner hour in a builder's yard, and the men had been gathered round Sandy Macpherson, who, standing on a large stone, had harangued them at great length, fluently declaiming on the grievous blunders which, he confidently asserted, were committed in the administration of public affairs; and denouncing, in particular, the heavy burdens under which, he declared, working men more especially laboured. The orator had a strong voice and a ready command of language, and, encouraged by the applause bestowed by his companions on his speech, he waxed right eloquent, and was in the middle of a brilliant peroration, in which he urged the immediate necessity of Parliamentary Reform, when the hour struck on a neighbouring church clock, and the men dispersed to their various duties, giving Sandy a parting cheer as they walked off.

'What were the lads cheerin' for, Lindsay?' asked Ephraim Brown, the overseer, as he was giving Lindsay some directions about his work.

'Sandy Macpherson's been spouting, as usual,' he replied. 'He gave us a splendid speech, with a little of everything in it—the corn laws and the taxes, and the duties on tea and whisky, and I don't know all what besides;—all that was wrong, and how it was to be put right, and so on.'

‘Stupid fellow,’ cried Ephraim, angrily; ‘set him up, putting notions in the men’s heads. Sandy would be better employed looking after himself and his family; he’s been off work more than one Monday lately, and I’ve been thinking of paying him off two or three times, but I’m vexed for his wife and bairns; *she* was a braw lass once, but she drove her hogs to a puir market when she married Sandy Macpherson.’

‘And yet he’s a clever kind of man too,’ said Lindsay, ‘if he would only give up the drink, and let politics alone.’

‘He’s like Addison’s political upholsterer,’ said the overseer, ‘he takes up his head with everything but his own concerns, and spouts and boasts, and spends the money in public-houses that should buy meat and clothes to his family. I believe Sandy thinks he could rule the nation, and make a fine prime minister, if he only had the chance—which he’s not likely to get,’ he added drily, as he went away to look sharply after the piece of work under Sandy Macpherson’s hands.

When the men were on their way home Sandy laid hold of Lindsay, and asked his opinion of an original scheme of his for the reduction of the national debt, and proposed an adjournment to a public-house, where they

might discuss the question at their leisure. The motion was eagerly seconded by several of his companions, but Lindsay resisted all their entreaties, and a few sharp decided refusals settled the matter.

Left alone, Lindsay quickened his pace till he reached an old book stall at the corner of a street, at which he was in the habit of loitering on his way home. It always displayed a tempting array of old volumes; and besides those neatly arranged on shelves, there were generally several miscellaneous heaps, which were marked—‘All these at one penny each;’ ‘All these at twopence each,’ and so on. Lindsay had become well acquainted with the little old man to whom the stall belonged, and who, on the strength of an occasional purchase, allowed him great liberty with his books. His purchases seldom exceeded the value of a few pence, but this day he had a whole shilling to spare, and great and many were his deliberations as to choice.

Feeling his own importance in being about to be an unusually good customer, he took up volume after volume, renewing acquaintance with several old friends, and enjoying glimpses of those new to him. Customer after customer came and went, and still Lindsay stood entranced,

interrupted occasionally by the old man peeping over his shoulder, and making a running commentary on the volume which he happened to hold in his hand at the moment.

‘*Vicar of Wakefield*,’ he said. ‘Oliver Goldsmith—clever fellow—a book, sir, which will keep its place in English literature as long as Englishmen are capable of appreciating true genius. Full of charming absurdities though.’—‘*Watts on the Mind*, sir—good, but stiff, pompous style. Wants the easy grace of the present age.’—‘*Foster’s Essays*, sir—worth its weight in gold. Love letters, sir; wonder what she thought of them.’—‘*Cowper’s Poems*. True poet, sir; nobody fit to hold the candle to him now-a-days—grand old stream of English poetry run dry in our time, sir. Once it was—*Sterne’s Sentimental Journey*, sir. Clever fellow, Lawrence Sterne, but better he had never learned to write, sir, as dipped his pen in a filthy polluting stream.’ ‘You wish to know the price, sir? Let me see it. Not for sale; not for sale, sir.’ And the old man coolly pocketed the volume.

‘What do you mean?’ cried Lindsay angrily, ‘do you suppose I am not able to pay for it?’ and he put his hand in his pocket and proudly fingered his shilling.

‘Never doubted that, sir,’ said the old man re-

spectfully ; 'but the fact of the matter is, I did not know that book was on the stall. I bought that lot at the sale of a gentleman's library last week, and have not had time yet to look them over.'

'But why won't you sell it to me?' asked Lindsay, whose estimation of the value of the book rose in proportion as he lost hope of obtaining possession of it.

'Won't sell it to anybody, sir,' the old man promptly replied. 'Whatever others may do, I always attend to the morals of my customers. Bad book, sir;—always burn bad books;—burned a volume of Dean Swift last night—kept the boards though—beautifully bound,—may be useful, you know. Once burned *Tristram Shandy*; shall burn this too,' he added, slapping his pocket.

'It must be a great loss to you?' remarked Lindsay.

'Must attend to the morals of my customers, whatever the loss may be,' he gravely replied. 'I see this is the second part of *The Sentimental Journey*. Very bad, sir. They say Sterne did not write a word of it; but I'm not sure of that, sir; I'm not sure of that.' The arrival of a customer put a stop to the old gentleman's eloquence, and Lindsay resumed his studies.

'*Walton's Lives*,' said the old man, having served his customer. 'Capital book, sir; would advise you; couldn't buy a better; pen taken from an angel's wing, as Wordsworth says; you'll find the sonnet printed at the beginning; there's pearls in that book, sir, worth the digging for.'

'I've stumbled on one already,' said Lindsay, smiling; and he read the lines taken from '*The Autumnal Beauty*'—

'No Spring nor Summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen in an Autumnal face.'

'Beautiful lines, sir; worth loads of the trash called poetry now-a-days; book well worth the buying, sir; would advise you not to lose the chance.'

'What is the price?' asked Lindsay, not quite sure about it, for it did not look nearly so inviting as *The Sentimental Journey*.

'I'll make it ninepence, as you are a customer, and the boards are shabby,' said the old man, after a critical survey of the volume. And Lindsay bought the book, more for the sake of the two lines of poetry than because of the stall-keeper's recommendation.

'It's so like what I've often thought of mother's face,' he said to himself, as he pocketed

the book and his change, rejoicing in the three-pence which would another day buy another book. He was hurrying off, when the old man, who happened to have no customer to talk to, caught him by the button.

'You have a great taste for reading, sir,' he said, 'and it is a taste you may be thankful for; it may keep you from much evil; but take care lest it lead you to love books for their own sakes, and not for what is in them; beware of that, sir.'

'I don't know what you mean?' said Lindsay, anxious to be gone, and yet unwilling to hurt his feelings by pushing him off.

'You may not believe me, but I assure you there is such a thing,' said he, solemnly shaking his head. 'In some men a love of reading has degenerated into a love for books as books. You must have heard of bibliomaniacs, sir; several come to my stall every day, and very good customers they are. I do believe, were it not for sheer shame, and sometimes from the want of money, they would buy every book I have whenever they come.'

'You don't say so?' said Lindsay, laughing incredulously, 'you're making game of me now, I am afraid.'

'It's a fact, sir,' cried the old man eagerly;

‘they would want both meat and clothes rather as not have money to buy books with; it’s a mania.’

‘It’s a mania I’m not likely to be troubled with,’ laughed Lindsay. ‘It’s seldom I have more than twopence to spare for a book.’

‘You’re not the worse of getting the warning,’ his old friend gravely remarked. ‘Some of these men would have laughed just like you, had they been told years ago that there was a danger of their becoming maniac lovers of books. I’m often sorry for them myself, though they are good customers to me. Here’s one of them,’ he whispered, letting go his hold of Lindsay, and turning respectfully to a little old gentleman, who eagerly approached the stall, and scanned its contents with keen glittering eyes. Curiosity kept Lindsay standing, and, picking up a book, he turned over the leaves, to prevent the appearance of listening.

‘You had a copy of *Walton’s Lives* on the stall this morning?’ said the gentleman, after an anxious scrutiny of the books.

‘Just sold it, sir; just sold it,’ said the stall-keeper quietly.

‘Sold it!’ he cried in a shrill tone, ‘sold it! and I have hurried back all this way on purpose to buy it. I would have bought it this morning,

but had forgot my purse. I would have lost anything rather than that book.' His despairing tones, and the real grief painted on his face, touched Lindsay's kind heart, and he put his hand in his pocket and produced the book.

'I bought *Walton's Lives*, sir,' he said respectfully ; 'but you may have it, if you choose.'

'You are very kind, sir, very,' said the old gentleman, seizing the book ; 'what is the price?'

'Two shillings,' said the stall-keeper, promptly preventing the reply which was on Lindsay's lips.

'I am very much obliged to you, sir ; very much, indeed,' said the gentleman, handing a florin to Lindsay, and then hurrying off with his prize, like a child who had got a new toy, and was afraid it might be taken from him.

'You see I was right, said the old man ; 'that's one of my bibliomaniacs ; he'll never look at the book, which he has read, you may be sure, years ago, and of which he has probably more than one copy already ; but he knows it is getting scarce, and he thinks he's got a perfect treasure. You were a fool to part with it.'

'But why did you make him pay two shillings, when you gave it to me for ninepence?' asked Lindsay reproachfully.

'Never sell a book for what you paid for it, said the old man coolly; 'you'll ruin the trade, sir, if you do; and, besides, I gave it you cheap, to make up for *Sterne*.'

'Then I ought to give you fifteenpence,' said Lindsay; 'the money is yours, and not mine.'

'Nonsense, I would not touch a farthing of it,' said his old friend, giving him a gentle push. 'He's a right honest fellow,' thought he.

'Then I'll buy another book,' cried Lindsay, a glow of pleasure suffusing his cheek. 'What is the price of this?' he asked, holding out the volume he had been looking at.

'*Combe's Constitution of Man*,' said the stall-keeper, looking doubtfully at it.

'You must not refuse to sell me that,' cried Lindsay, eagerly; 'I've heard a great deal about it, and often wished to read it; they say it's a capital thing.'

'Do they?' said the old man, with a touch of sarcasm in his tone. 'Well, I'll not deny that there's a deal of good common sense in it; but it has been well said, that "a half truth is more dangerous than a whole error;" but I daresay you have sense enough to separate the chaff from the wheat, and, as there is nothing immoral in the book, you may have it.'

'Thanks for your gracious permission,' cried

Lindsay, laughing heartily; 'but you have not told me the price of it.'

'Ninepence,' said the old man. 'It's well bound, and worth more money,' he muttered to himself; 'but I'm determined he shan't lose the profit of his sale.' So Lindsay paid his ninepence, and went off, well pleased with his purchase and his fifteenpence.





CHAPTER II.

THE OTHER GARRET.

'Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts.'—MARTIN LUTHER.



LINDSAY went his way home, down a broad, steep street, into a wide entry, and up a long dark stair, the stone steps of which were so broken and worn as to make the ascent difficult, if not dangerous. There were windows at regular intervals, but they were begrimed with dirt, and withal so broken and patched in innumerable places that they served only to make the darkness visible, and the wooden landing-places creaked crazily under the tread of his heavy shoes.

But Lindsay had gone so often up and down that he had ceased to observe these disagreeables; and as he ran up now, two steps at a

time, he even stopped more than once to pat kindly the heads of some dirty children, who were playing at making houses on the steps, and obstructing the already narrow path. Reaching the top, he entered a passage, and, unlocking one of two doors, which were exactly opposite each other, went into a large, low-roofed garret room, in a corner of which stood a bookcase, which was the first object on which he turned his eyes. It was the work of Lindsay's own hands, and, though only a few shelves of plain deal, he never looked at it without a feeling of pride in it and its contents.

He went straight up to it now, to find a place for his last purchase, and, having deposited *The Constitution of Man*, he retired a few paces backwards to judge of the effect. 'It looks well,' he said; 'it's about the best bound volume there; but I must have my tea before I see what's inside of it.' 'Hang it!' he muttered, 'have not I forgotten to buy matches!' He stood irresolute for a moment or two, looking ruefully at the few cold rusty bars which served him for a grate. 'I'll ask Mrs Pettigrew for a light,' was the result of his meditations; 'she'll talk me deaf before I get it,' he added, 'but I'll put up with her tongue for once, rather as go out for matches.'

And he hastily crossed the passage and rapped at the opposite door, as though afraid of repenting of his resolution; but, though he knocked several times, there was no response. 'The old lady must be out, and Jamie not come in yet,' thought he, turning away disappointed, and yet relieved. 'I'll go down to English Tom's for a match,' he muttered; and, leaving his door standing wide open, he ran down stairs, and tapped gently at one of the doors which opened off the passage in the first flat. It was opened by a young woman, who greeted him with a pleasant smile.

'I am sorry to trouble you, Mrs Tod,' said Lindsay, 'but could you oblige me with a light; I have stupidly forgotten to buy matches?'

'Bless me, Lindsay Lee, is that you?' cried a merry voice from inside the room. 'Bring him in, Sarah, and we'll give him a cup of tea. Poor old bachelor, he ha'nt got a wife, like me.' Mrs Tod blushed and laughed, and Lindsay advanced a step or two.

'You are very kind, Tom,' said he; 'but I could not think of troubling Mrs Tod, if you would give me a match.'

'Nonsense,' interrupted Tom, who was busy cooking ham and eggs in a frying-pan; 'here goes a couple for you,' and he broke the shells

of two additional eggs, and threw them into the pan. 'How they hiss,' said he; 'aint your teeth watering, old fellow?'

'I must really go. Mrs Tod, could you give me a match?' Lindsay began again; but she was busy at her cupboard, getting out a cup, saucer, and plate for him; and the contrast between the pleasant room, and still pleasanter company, and his own cold, solitary garret, made Lindsay hesitate and linger.

'Lend a hand with the dish, Lindsay,' cried Tom, lifting off his frying-pan. 'When you get married to a pretty girl, like me, Sarah and I will come up to tea some night, and return the visit. Poor fellow, he ha'nt got a wife yet. Shut the door, Sarah!' Mrs Tod laughed right merrily as she closed the room door, and Lindsay suffered himself to be persuaded, and remained.

It was a neat, well furnished room, half parlour, half kitchen, and the young mistress was as neat and tidy as her house, and made a very pretty picture in it; her fair, girlish face, and graceful figure, being set off to the best advantage by her dress, which, though tasteful and becoming, bore no trace of the tawdry finery which sometimes mars the evening costume of the working man's bride,—for Sarah was still looked upon as a bride by her neighbours, though

she had been married several months, and felt as though she had been married a very long time indeed.

When she married English Tom, as Lindsay and the rest of his fellow-workmen named him, she knew that he was a happy, merry, thoughtless fellow, who could take a glass at a time with a companion, but she did not know that Tom could get drunk at times too, for he had wisely managed to keep sober during the time of his courtship, at least when there was any chance of Sarah hearing of it. She knew that Tom laughed at the 'parsons,' as he called them, and that he seldom or never went to church, boasting that he was 'no hypocrite;' but she did not know that he had imbibed, from some infidel companions, dangerous opinions on the subject of religion, and that he could laugh and jeer at everything holy and sacred. Sarah, like other sanguine people, trusted to marriage working miracles. Tom would become an abstainer,—Tom would regularly attend church with her,—Tom, in fact, was to be a model husband, whatever he might have been before.

On the first Sunday Tom went to church with his wife, as in duty bound. Sarah's minister was from home; so Tom heard a stranger preach, and criticised his two sermons

with a freedom which shocked his wife, though she could not help, at the same time, a feeling of pride in her husband's cleverness. 'Wait till he has heard Dr Hall,' thought she; 'I'm sure Tom will like him.' Next Sunday, to Sarah's great consternation, Tom kindly, but firmly, refused to go with her. She wept, and implored, and argued that he had not yet heard Dr Hall; but all to no purpose. Tom was positive and determined; and she was obliged to leave him, lounging about, unwashed and unshaved, smoking his pipe, in his working clothes. Several Sunday mornings the same scene was repeated, till Tom got angry, and Sarah gave it up in despair.

By-and-by Tom got drunk, and Sarah, who was a rigid abstainer, was more shocked than many women would have been in the circumstances; and, indeed, was so thoroughly disgusted and ashamed, that Tom began to think getting tipsy must be a more heinous offence than he had imagined, and voluntarily promised never to exceed again. Sarah believed, and gladly forgave him; but old habits are not easily broken; and though Tom often kept sober for weeks together, he got 'on the spree' sometimes, as his companions called it, and would be in a state of intoxication for days at a time. When

Tom kept sober all went well, and Sarah was the happiest little wife in the world ; but Tom drunk and Tom sober were different persons.

This night Tom was sober; and when Tom was sober he was very good company, as both Sarah and Lindsay thought. He was so merry and good-natured, so full of jest and anecdote, and withal so clever, that, as his wife listened and looked at him, she could scarcely believe that this was the same Tom of whom she was at times so much afraid ; and she began to chide herself for the ominous forebodings concerning the future, which, since her marriage, had often oppressed her mind. But Sarah's brow clouded as Tom began to indulge in what she called his 'wild talk,' and to sport sentiments and hazard opinions which sapped at the root of all which she held sacred.

Lindsay was accustomed to such talk, and was not shocked, like Sarah ; but he tried to restrain Tom, and to argue the matter. But Tom was proud of his argumentative powers, and accustomed to debate, and he speedily vanquished Lindsay, who was but a lukewarm antagonist, and rather inclined to a lurking suspicion that Tom *might* be right, and that religion might not, after all, be the reality *he* had been taught to consider it. By-and-by

Tom told some funny stories about 'hawfully pious people, who were no better than they should be;' and Lindsay laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and he capped Tom's stories with one of his own, which Tom declared to be 'a first-rater;' but an indignant, mournful glance, from the eyes of Tom's pretty wife, silenced him, and brought a blush of shame to his cheek.

'I bought a book to-day—*Combe's Constitution of Man*. Have you read it, Tom?' Lindsay asked, anxious to change the subject.

'No,' said Tom; 'I aint much of a reader; but I have heard it is a capital thing. No nonsense about it. Proves to a demonstration that if we follow the natural laws we're all right; now that's what I like; I hates them hypocrites that are always talking about Providence and the like. Have you got the book in your pocket, Lindsay?'

'No,' said Lindsay; 'but come up stairs with me, and I'll show it you.'

'I don't care if I do; but sit still a bit, man,' cried Tom, as Lindsay started up; 'you are better here than in the garret.'

'It's getting late,' said Lindsay. 'Good night, Mrs Tod.'

Sarah bade him 'Good night' with her usual

sweetness, but it pained Lindsay to see that her eyes were full of tears; and had Tom not been standing by he would probably have made an apology, but he had too much sense not to know, that to do so would be very bad taste, when her husband had been the chief transgressor.

‘I should not have talked as I did before Sally,’ whispered Tom, as he and Lindsay went up stairs together; ‘she’s a good, pious girl, she is; and I don’t object to girls having a bit of religion. I think they are all the better of reading their Bibles, and all that sort o’ thing.’

‘So what suits your wife won’t do you any good? Don’t need it, I suppose? You’re a superior being, are you?’ cried Lindsay, angrily, for he had not yet recovered the effect of Sarah’s glance, and was angry with Tom for leading him to say what had produced it. But Tom got no time to reply, for, with a smothered exclamation of ‘Confound it! did I leave my door open!’ Lindsay sprang forward, and left him to follow at his leisure.

True enough his door was open, and his garret taken possession of. A good fire was burning in his grate, and the kettle sang merrily on the hob, whilst an old woman sat at the window, in his only chair, busily engaged with one of

his books. She looked up as he entered, and, taking off her spectacles, slowly and unwillingly closed the volume.

'It's very edifyin' readin',' she said, with a sigh, as she carefully placed it in the gap in the bookcase. 'But what for did you go and leave your door open, and leave all these grand books at the mercy of all the beggars in Edinburgh?' she asked, in a peremptory tone. 'It's best to take the first word o' flytin',' she muttered under her breath.

Lindsay had been standing, gazing at her, speechless with rage; but the reference to his books roused the ruling passion, and he went eagerly forward to his bookcase, to ascertain if any of his treasures were amissing.

'Ye may thank me that they're safe,' she continued. 'I would have thought, now, that a man come to your time o' life would have had more sense than to go and leave his door open behind him, like a bairn; and I've lighted your fire, and the kettle's just about boiling, and if ye hav'n'a gotten your tea it's high time you had it.'

'Really you are too kind, Mrs Pettigrew,' said Lindsay, who had found his books all right; but his thanks were interrupted by English Tom, who came running in in a state of great excitement.

‘Lindsay,’ he cried, ‘I have seen the *horgan!*’ for Mrs Pettigrew had also been guilty of leaving her door open, and Tom had been reconnoitring. ‘I beg your pardon, ma’am,’ he added, not at all put about by discovering that she was present; ‘I took the liberty of peeping in, as I passed.’

‘No offence,’ cried the old woman briskly; ‘come awa’ ben, baith o’ ye, an’ see the organ. You’ve seen it before, Lindsay Lee, but you’ll be none the worse o’ seeing it again. My son bought it for an auld sang, as I say; and he took it down, and built it up again, and altered it, and tuned it, all himself!’

She spoke with great volubility, and showed Lindsay and Tom into the other garret, with all the ease and self-possession of a duchess. It was a poor, poverty-stricken looking place, but it was very, very clean, and in one end of it stood the object of Tom’s curiosity, a fine old organ, with a mediæval front, and a row of flat pedals. ‘You’ll not see it well in the gloamin’,’ said Mrs Pettigrew regretfully; ‘and I’m real vexed that Jamie’s not in to let you hear it. My Jamie’s a grand player.’

‘Your son’s a *horganist*, I believe?’ remarked Tom, who was gazing with great delight at the instrument, to the sound of which he had often stood listening on the stairs.

‘Yes, he’s organist to one of the ‘piscopals,’ said Mrs Pettigrew; ‘and I canna say I like the idea o’ his earning his bread on the Sabbath-day. But ye’ll belong to the English Kirk yourself?’ she added, afraid she might hurt English Tom’s feelings.

‘Yes,—no,—something like,’ stammered Tom. But Mrs Pettigrew was too much occupied doing the honours of the organ to observe his confusion, which Lindsay enjoyed with a malicious gratification.

‘See,’ said she, ‘this stop is the *vox humano*; and when Jamie draws it out whiles, when he’s playin’, you would swear there was a man, wi’ the beautifullest voice, singin’ in the room. An’ this is the *hautboy*. I’m no’ guid at managing the stops; and I’m afraid I do any mischief; Jamie has such a fine ear he would find it out at once. He’s always quarrelling wi’ the choir for not keeping time; but I whiles think he’s too particular, and may lose his place. I only wish he’d been in; but if you’ve no objections I could play you a tune or two he learned me, to keep me cheery when he’s out.’

Both her visitors declared that nothing would give them greater pleasure; and Tom placed her on the music stool in a manner which, she told Jamie afterwards, quite flustered her. ‘It was

gentlemanly politeness,' she said. She sat down to the instrument as erect and stiff as a miss in her teens; her fingers were stiff too, and awkward enough, but she kept capital time; and it was quite evident that Jamie Pettigrew must have inherited his musical talent from his mother. She charmed Lindsay and Tom with 'Adeste Fideles,' 'Old Hundred,' 'Rousseau's Dream,' and 'The Sicilian Mariner's Hymn,' the four tunes she had learned by rote from her son; and then said with a sigh, 'That's all I can play. I wish Jamie were here to do it justice.'

At that moment, to his mother's great delight, Jamie appeared. 'Come away,' she cried in triumph, 'Come away, and let them hear it in perfection.' Jamie was a bashful, awkward-looking young man, but he did as she bade him; and the moment his fingers touched the keys all awkwardness and bashfulness vanished. He was entirely oblivious of his listeners, and would probably have played with the same ease and self-possession before Royalty itself. And such playing! He begun with the prayer in 'Mosè in Egitto,' and Lindsay and Tom stood entranced in that poor garret, forgetful of everything but the enchanting music swelling out from these old pipes, which, for aught they knew, might

have taken part in some gorgeous catholic ceremonial in days long gone by.

He played 'Luther's Hymn,' too, and 'The Hallelujah Chorus,' his mother standing by, beating time with her foot, and nodding her head; pleasure in the music, and pride in her son's performance, blending in the expression of her countenance; and he was commencing 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' when Tom disappeared. He returned in a few minutes, accompanied by Sarah, both entering on tiptoe, and approaching near the performer with soft, stealthy footsteps.

Tom was in an ecstasy, and wished his wife to share in his enjoyment; and as she stood by him now, with her clasped hands resting on his shoulder, he felt as though he could never vex her more. No, he would never enter a public-house again; he would never taste another drop of strong drink; he would be, like Sarah, an abstainer; and she should never have cause to shed any more tears on his behalf; he would always be gentle and kind and loving to her. And Tom really meant to keep the promises he was making to himself, and forgot how often he had made good resolutions, which he had broken the first time temptation came in his way.

Lindsay, too, was deeply affected by the music, and he, too, made good resolutions. Never again would he allow himself to talk as he had done that night, and often before; never again would he allow the old Faith, which he had been brought up by his mother to revere, to be spoken of as a myth, or a historical romance, worthy of belief only from women and children. No; in future he would avoid the society of those infidel, free-thinking companions, whose conversation had gradually sapped away the effects of his early religious training, and had instilled into his mind the wild doubts and wilder speculations of which he would often have been thankful to be rid of. Yes; in future he would remember and respect the promises made to his mother; he would read his Bible daily, and regularly attend a place of worship; and, like Tom, Lindsay was really in earnest for the time.

But the twilight deepened into darkness, and though Jamie Pettigrew could have played till midnight, his visitors, at Sarah's suggestion, unwilling as they were to break the spell, declared they must intrude no longer, and departed, delighting Mrs Pettigrew with their sincere heart-felt thanks.

'I have not seen your book, Lindsay,' said

Tom as they parted ; ' but another time, old boy, another time.' ' Poor fellow, he ha'nt got a wife, like me,' he whispered to Sarah, as he half carried her down stairs in the dark.





CHAPTER III.

THE SUNDAY EXCURSION.

Weak and irresolute is man ;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.



UT, alas ! the influence of Jamie Pettigrew's music was of very short duration, for English Tom took a glass on the very first opportunity, and Lindsay Lee read *The Constitution of Man* the next morning (which was Sunday), instead of his Bible. He was dawdling over a late breakfast, reading and eating at the same time, when a gentle tap at his door made him start to his feet.

Not being in the habit of receiving visits, he was surprised to see Mrs Tod when he opened the door. Sarah was dressed for church, and looked so clean, so tidy, and so pretty, as to

make Lindsay blush all over, with an uneasy consciousness of his own slovenly appearance. But Sarah was too much preoccupied to observe it. 'Lindsay,' whispered she, 'Tom is coming up to borrow that book you were talking about last night; please, don't lend it to him.' And she looked up in his face with such a beseeching gaze, that Lindsay found it very difficult to refuse her.

'I don't see very well how I could refuse to lend him the book,' he stammered.

'You can easily do so,' she said quietly; 'Tom is not so fond of reading as you, and won't be much disappointed. I can't bear the thought,' she added, passionately, 'of me going away to church, and leaving him to read that infidel book on the Sabbath-day.'

'My dear Mrs Tod,' cried Lindsay, eagerly, 'I assure you it is a mistake, it is not an infidel book, and reading it won't do Tom any harm.'

But Sarah did not attempt to argue the matter, she only repeated her request, 'Please, Lindsay, don't lend it to Tom;' and Lindsay could not but promise.

At that moment the door of the other garret opened, and Mrs Pettigrew appeared; she, too, was going to the church, and it was evident that her dress had been arranged with great care,

though she made but a shabby appearance after all, in the rusty black gown and narrow crimped border, which was the last remains of her widowhood. 'I'm glad to see you're not away yet, Mrs Tod,' she cried, as she locked her door, and put the key in her pocket; 'we'll go together. I doubt we're late enough; the bells must be near ringin' in. Have ye been borrowing a penny for the plate? I whiles forget to get coppers on a Saturday night myself, but I could lend you one to-day, if Maister Lee cannot accommodate you.' 'Dear me!' she cried, turning sharply round, and scanning Lindsay's person from head to foot, 'is't possible you're not washed yet! my son's away to the 'piscopal an hour since, dressed like a new pin. You see, he has to put on his gown, and take a bit practice before the congregation come in.' 'And your breakfast not off the table yet!' she added, peeping into his room. 'I wonder what your mother would say if she thought you did not attend a place of worship. Go and dress yourself, like a good bairn, and I'll wait for you, late as it is.'

Already furious at her remarks, the allusion to his mother was more than Lindsay could stand, and he shut his door in her face with an angry bang.

'He's no' pleased,' she remarked to Mrs Tod, as they descended the stair together. 'It's a bad job when young men give up going to the kirk; it's the beginning of all evil; and young men that come strangers to Edinburgh, when they get away from their friends, are fast enough at picking up an ill custom. There's Lindsay Lee, he went regularly when he first came here, and now once in the month serves him; and it will soon be not at all. I'm sure I'm glad my Jamie's obliged to go, even though it's to the 'piscopal. I would rather have him playing the organ, all clean and dressed, where he has a chance of hearing something to profit him, as sitting at home all dirty, like Lindsay Lee.'

Poor Sarah listened and sighed, and blushed, but she could not be offended, for she knew that Mrs Pettigrew had, for the moment, totally forgotten even the existence of English Tom; and she said Amen to every word in her heart, and thought how thankful she would be to see Tom setting out on the Sabbath morning like Jamie Pettigrew.

Lindsay went back to his book, choking with rage, and when English Tom knocked at his door, during the course of the forenoon, he took no notice, and remained deaf to the *tattoo* which Tom beat for some time with his knuckles.

'He must 'ave gone to church surely. I thought he had more sense,' muttered the disappointed Tom, as he slowly and reluctantly retraced his steps. 'I think he might 'ave 'anded me the book, when I've nothing better to do,' he added, as he, too, shut his door with a loud bang.

Mrs Pettigrew's words had stung Lindsay to the quick, all the more that pretty Mrs Tod had been standing by; but they must have had some influence with him notwithstanding, for as soon as he got quit of Tom he proceeded to dress himself, and resolved to go to church in the afternoon. He waited till he heard the old woman lock her door and set out for the second time, and then sallied forth, amongst the last stragglers of the church-goers.

It was a lovely, sunny, summer day, and Edinburgh lay basking in all her beauty, with the everlasting hills around her, the sea in the distance, and the cloudless blue sky overhead; her quiet streets, squares and gardens, steeped in the gradually mellowing radiance of the afternoon sun. At the top of a street which commanded an extensive view, Lindsay paused to admire and enjoy it. Invigorated and elated by the fresh air and the sunshine, he suddenly came to the conclusion, that it was great nonsense to go and shut himself up on a warm day

in a stifling church, and resolved, instead, to make the most of his time, and take a long walk in the country. So he turned in another direction, and had not gone far before he encountered English Tom setting out with the same intention.

Tom was delighted to see him,—‘Hail fellow, well met!’ he cried. ‘I see you aint going to church; got enough of it in the morning, I should suppose. I’m just setting out for a walk; let us go together.’ And they did go together, and returned home at a late hour, in a state which showed that they had not only had a long walk, but had indulged too freely in the refreshments which are always thought necessary on these occasions. Tom was much worse than Lindsay, and past being ashamed of himself; but as Lindsay assisted him to his own door, and saw the sad, despairing expression of Sarah’s countenance, he went up stairs with a confused notion that he had done something very wicked; a feeling much increased by seeing Mrs Pettigrew lift up her hands in dismay, and retreat into her room without a single word.

Next morning he got up with a violent headache, and went to his work in a very bad temper. ‘He’s as surly as a bear,’ whispered Tom to a companion, to whom he had been boasting of

their yesterday's excursion ; ' but let him alone ; wait till he's 'ad an 'air of the dog that bit him, he'll be all right then.' But though Tom exerted all his eloquence to get Lindsay to accompany him to a public-house at the mid-day hour, he had too much sense to run into the same folly, the effects of which he felt so keenly both in body and mind.

Tom came back very brisk and lively, and mounting a stone, as Sandy Macpherson was in the habit of doing, he was speedily surrounded by an audience, for whose benefit he spouted his infidel opinions, and whose laughter encouraged him in his ridicule of religion and religious people. Some of the men, however, looked grave, and showed their disapprobation by their looks ; but only one was bold enough to lift up his voice and venture to contradict the orator. But he was no match for Tom, who speedily vanquished him, and was triumphing in his victory when an unexpected ally appeared in the person of Sandy Macpherson, who, for once in his life, had been standing by, listening in silence whilst others spoke.

Sandy sprang on a stone by Tom's side, and poured forth an eloquent defence of the truth of Christianity, which he wound up with these words :—' And what says Paul, the great Apostle

of the Gentiles?—a man that none of ye are fit to hold a candle to; a man that had tried baith sides,—he says, “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.”’ Sandy spoke well, and with earnestness, and the men who had the minute before been cheering English Tom’s free-thinking nonsense, now cheered their favourite radical orator more lustily still.

Tom was beginning his reply, by setting aside the authority of the Apostle Paul altogether, when Lindsay bawled out in a stentorian voice, and with an imitation of Sandy’s tone, ‘Hear to that! what next! Drunken Sandy Macpherson setting up for a Christian!’

‘I dinna pretend to be a Christian,’ cried poor Sandy, his voice hoarse with anger and emotion; ‘but I have a respect for Christianity and Christians, and I’ll not stand quiet and listen to that haveral English Tam, boastin’ about things above his comprehension, and abusing better folk than himself.’ Tom was slow to take offence, and laughed good-humouredly; but remorse was gnawing at Lindsay’s heart.

‘Shake hands, Sandy, and be friends,’ said he, going up to Sandy, and holding out his hand. ‘I know you are in the right, and that I am wrong; and I’m sorry for what I said.’ But

Sandy's pride and his feelings were alike wounded, and he turned sulkily away.

'It's hard to bear,' he muttered to himself; 'but the laddie only spoke the truth. What business had I to be standing up for the Truth; it's something like Uzzah putting out his hand to steady the ark.' And groaning in bitterness of spirit, Sandy, for the first time in his life, breathed almost unconsciously the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

'Never mind him, Lindsay,' said English Tom, taking Lindsay by the arm; 'he's a saucy fellow, and not worth minding; you put in your word in the very nick of time.' But Lindsay was in no mood to be cajoled by Tom; he had agreed with every word which Sandy Macpherson had spoken, and it was an angry consciousness of guilt which had prompted his retort; and he was about to tell Tom so, when he whispered, 'Mum's the word now; there's Ephraim the Pharisee,' for the overseer had entered the yard as the hour struck, and the men dispersed to their work.

If Ephraim Brown was a pharisee, he was certainly no hypocrite, being perfectly sincere in his assumption of superior goodness; and if 'Stand by, I am holier than thou,' was written on his brow, he never pretended to think less of

himself than he really did; and if he deceived others, he was himself the most deceived. Not that Ephraim was *not* good, far from it; he was a good husband, a good father, a good master, and a good servant. But Ephraim trusted in, and prided himself upon, his goodness, and was in reality as far from God as the ancient scribes and pharisees, who picked their footsteps amongst their fellow-men, and said, 'As for this people, who know not the law, they are cursed.' 'Was Sandy spouting to-day, Lindsay? I thought I saw a crowd at dinner time?' asked Ephraim, sauntering up to Lindsay, shortly before the men gave up work.

'No,' said Lindsay rather shortly. 'Yes, a little,' he added the next moment.

'If Sandy lives to be as old as I am, he'll see the nonsense of his constant crack about politics,' continued Ephraim. 'I was a radical too, when I was a lad (not to say that Sandy's young, he's old enough to have more sense), and I joined "the Friends of the People," and one night I escaped the police by jumping a window. Man, Lindsay, if I'd been caught I would have been a ruined man for life; but I took care after that night, and kept clear of the radicals—silly men, Lindsay.' 'And what was Sandy's text to-day?' he added, 'the repeal of the corn laws, or the

law of hypothec?' and Ephraim laughed derisively.

'Sandy never mentioned politics,' Lindsay said drily.

'I did not know he could spout about anything else. What was't then, Lindsay?' persisted the overseer; and Lindsay was obliged to tell that Sandy had been controverting English Tom's infidel opinions.

'My certie!' cried Ephraim, lifting up his hands in horror, 'things ha'e come to an awfu' pass, when folk like Sandy Macpherson ha'e to stand up for religion. Au' that cratur' English Tam's liftin' up his penny trumpet, is he?'

Again on the way home did Tom try to persuade Lindsay to accompany him to the public-house, for which he was bound himself; he angrily shook him off; and Tom left him, declaring that he, too, was 'a saucy fellow.'

Lindsay loitered as usual at the old book stall, more from habit than anything else, for his spare coppers had all gone the day before, and was listlessly turning over the books when the old man said sharply, 'You've been drinking.'

'And suppose I have, what's that to you?' Lindsay angrily cried.

'Not much to me, perhaps; but a great deal to you, young man,' he sadly replied. Shame

kept Lindsay silent, and in a low solemn tone the old man went on, 'Who hath woes? who hath sorrows? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of the eyes?'

'Do you pretend to think you are speaking to a drunkard?' Lindsay retorted.

'No,' said he; 'I know you are not a drunkard; but you've been drinking yesterday, and you've got the redness of the eyes, and if you don't take care you'll soon have all the rest.'

Lindsay threw down the book he held in his hand, and walked off. If he had been degraded in his own estimation before, he was doubly so now; and when Sarah Tod looked out at her door as he passed to see if Tom was with him, and went in again without speaking, though she nodded, and tried to smile, to hide her disappointment, Lindsay, as a partner in her husband's guilt, felt like a criminal; and when he met Mrs Pettigrew at the top of the stair and she remarked that 'it was a fine night,' without looking him in the face, Lindsay's cup of humiliation was full, for he knew that even Mrs Pettigrew was ashamed of him. 'I'll never taste drink again, never!' he murmured, as he fell asleep that night, lulled by the melody of Jamie Pettigrew's organ: and Lindsay kept his word.

It was comparatively easy for him to do so, for such indulgence had never been his besetting sin, and he cared little for the taunts and sneers to which his resolution exposed him. But months passed, and Sunday after Sunday came and went, and still, to Mrs Pettigrew's great grief, he never went to church. In her eyes a regular attendance at church was synonymous with respectability; and those who did not go at all she regarded as perfect heathens. She mourned over Lindsay's delinquencies in this respect, and never lost an opportunity of giving him a hint upon the subject.

The old woman was very fond of him, and gradually coaxed him into giving her possession of his key, in order that she might keep his room clean and tidy, and have his kettle boiling for him at night. Lindsay resisted her importunity for some time, and yielded at length, with fear and trembling, but discovering that she made it a point of honour not to interfere with his books, he lost his apprehensions for their safety, and began to lend her a volume at a time; and finding that she neither thumbed nor dog-eared them, he ended by giving her full permission to use the contents of his bookcase as she pleased,—a privilege of which she was not slow to take advantage. Often when Lindsay

came in from his work he found Mrs Pettigrew poring over a book, and so deeply absorbed in its contents as to be wholly unconscious of his presence.

‘Hech me! is that you, bairn?’ she would cry, starting up, roused by the noise he intentionally made. ‘I just sat down for a minute after lighting the fire; but this book’s so entertaining I’ve forgotten myself. I must away and get Jamie’s tea ready.’ ‘But this is a choir night, an’ he’ll likely be late,’ she would add, looking wistfully at the volume in her hand. And Lindsay would tell her to take it with her, and she would depart full of gratitude, but too anxious to resume her studies to indulge in her usual loquacity.

‘He’s a kind creature,’ she would mutter to herself, as she sat down in her room, and re-adjusted her spectacles. ‘I’m sure if Jamie gets that situation he’s applying for in England I’ll miss him much; but I wish he would go to the kirk, and not break the Sabbath-day.’

But poor Lindsay’s mind had got into a state which made attending divine service, and listening to a sermon, appear to him a sinful mockery. *The Constitution of Man*, and similar and worse books, had done their work, and filled his mind with doubts and evil suggestions, against which he fought in vain. English Tom spouted and

boasted of his infidelity, but with him it went no deeper than the surface ; with Lindsay the case was different ; the old childish beliefs, in which he had been educated, and which he had been taught by others, were gone, and the time had come when he must either reject or believe for himself. It was sport to Tom, but to Lindsay Lee it was a matter of life and death.





CHAPTER IV.

THE SOIRÉE.

The Cross once seen, is death to every vice.



AN, Lindsay, did you know that Sandy Macpherson is much reformed?' asked Ephraim Brown, as he paid Lindsay his wages one Saturday afternoon.

'No,' said Lindsay; 'but I thought he was keeping very quiet of late.'

'Ay, he's given up meddling with politics,' continued Ephraim; 'and, what's more, he's given up "the drink;" but who knows how long it may last.' 'He says that he's converted,' he whispered, as he looked cautiously round, to see if any one was within hearing; 'and I'm sure he had much need, poor, unfortunate creature that he's been. But the curious thing is, that his wife, that's been a decent Christian all her

days, says the same thing, and that she never understood the Gospel till Sandy taught her; and she's not a silly woman either,' added Ephraim, reflectively. 'She told my wife all about it,' he continued. 'It was a sermon that Sandy heard on the street, preached by a gentleman that has set up a church of his own, out of the folk he's gathered by his street preaching; and Sandy and his wife have both joined his church. It is very well for Sandy, I dare say; but my wife said to her, that she wondered how she could leave the Kirk of Scotland to go to any such place; but she said, she was too thankful to mind trifling differences, and that it would be an ill kirk indeed that she wouldn't go to with Sandy. Poor body, it has made a great difference to her; he brings in every penny of his wages regularly.'

Lindsay glanced eagerly at Sandy as they were leaving the yard. There was nothing in his outward appearance to indicate the change within; for, alas! the sin in which he had indulged so long had set its brand upon him, and poor Sandy would probably carry it to his grave. But Lindsay never for a moment doubted the reality of his reformation; he knew enough of the man's character, to know that nothing short of a thorough radical change could have weaned

him from his besetting sin; and, as he walked thoughtfully along, a feeling akin to envy crept into his mind. Yes, Sandy had found his way to the solution of the problem by a road which he, Lindsay, had not yet discovered; and henceforth, if any one spoke doubtfully, in his presence, of the truth of Christianity, he had only to point to himself, and say, 'Once I was bound, now am I the Lord's free man; once the slave of sin, I now serve the Lord Jesus.'

Lindsay stopped as usual, on his way home, at the old book stall. He and the old man had been on excellent terms since the day he had informed him that his eyes were red, for Lindsay had too much sense to feel offended at the warning he had given him, after the first feeling of irritation had passed away. Several readers surrounded the stall, and Lindsay enjoyed the books for a considerable time, but they dropped off one after another, and the old man and he were at length left alone.

'What are you so much interested in, sir?' he asked, peeping over Lindsay's shoulder,— '*Paine's Rights of Man*. How is it you always stumble on infidel books?' he added, angrily.

'How is it you keep them on your stall for me to stumble on?' retorted Lindsay.

'True, sir; very true,' said the old man, hum-

bly. 'I always burn immoral books, and you have taught me that I should burn infidel books too. I shall begin with this one,' and he laid hold of the volume in Lindsay's hand.

'Nonsense!' cried Lindsay, laughing, and grasping the book, 'you shan't burn it; you said *The Constitution of Man* was an infidel book, and there's no infidelity in it, and this may be as good, for aught I know.' A good-humoured scuffle ensued, and the book was in danger of being pulled to pieces by the eager combatants.

'I propose a compromise,' cried a merry voice from behind. 'Lend the young man the book, my friend, and save your conscience.' They both started, and turned round, and *Paine's Rights of Man* fell to the ground. The gentleman who spoke picked it up, and as he read the title his brow darkened. 'You are right, my friend,' said he; 'it *is* an infidel book, but I think you had better lend it him; forbidden waters are sweet, and if you don't give it him he'll never rest till he gets it elsewhere. You've sense enough, I think, judging by your face, to see through the false, hollow reasoning,' he added, laying his hand kindly on Lindsay's shoulder. He was a tall, handsome, young man, broad shouldered and broad chested; and he fixed a pair of dark, expressive eyes on Lindsay's face as he spoke.

'And besides,' he continued, 'I do not think even Tom Paine so dangerous as that other book you mentioned, in which the snake is hidden amongst the flowers, the poison mixed with the food; for my part, I prefer the barefaced, open avowal of infidelity, which is more likely to repel and disgust ingenuous minds seeking after truth;' and, with an indignant wave of the hand, he stalked off.

'That's the Rev. Mr ——,' whispered the old man. 'He's a grand preacher, and a good customer of mine; but,' he added, with a sigh, 'he forgot to buy a book to-day.' 'Where is *The Rights of Man*?' he asked, sharply.

'In my pocket. I am to have the loan of it, you know,' laughed Lindsay.

'Well, see you don't forget to bring it back again,' said his old friend; 'and I hope you'll justify the minister's compliment to your face, and not be taken in by that trash.'

'We shall see,' said Lindsay, drily, as he walked away.

As he climbed the first flight of his long stair he met English Tom coming down.

'Why, Tom! where are you going in such a hurry?' said Lindsay; 'you look as though you had stepped out of a bandbox.'

'I'm going to a soirée,' said Tom, with mock

gravity; 'a teetotal soirée!' he cried, as he ran down stairs.

'He's making game of me,' muttered Lindsay, as he looked after him. But it was true enough; Tom was really on his way to a temperance soirée!

One of the young ladies whom Sarah had served before her marriage had called for her that morning. 'Oh, Sarah,' she said, eagerly, 'do you know that Dr Hall has become an abstainer, and he's to speak at a temperance soirée to-night; and I have brought a ticket for Tom. Please tell him it's a present from me.'

'You are very kind, Miss Amy,' said Sarah, grateful tears filling her eyes, but blushing to think that, though she had never breathed a word of it, her young ladies must have heard that Tom was 'not steady.'

'I would have brought one for you too, Sarah, but I thought he might be more willing to go alone.'

Sarah highly approved of this prudential arrangement, suspecting that, if she went with Tom, the very spirit of contradiction would make him laugh at the whole affair. And her visitor left, with the injunction to be sure and tell Tom that Dr Hall was expected to address the meeting. But Sarah knew better than to mention

'the parson.' 'Miss Amy does not know Tom so well as I do; but I do hope he will go,' she murmured, as she busied herself looking out a clean shirt and his best clothes.

To Sarah's great joy Tom came home perfectly sober. 'Oh, Tom!' she cried, 'Miss Amy's been here, and brought you the present of a ticket for the teetotal soirée to-night; and I've aired a clean shirt, and the water's all ready for you to wash yourself; and—and—and I hope you'll go, Tom,' she added, breathless with the fear of a refusal.

'Go!' cried Tom, 'to be sure I'll go. D'ye think I'd refuse a pretty girl like Miss Amy? Dear creature, to buy me a ticket. I wouldn't wonder now but she thought to make a convert of me!' and Tom laughed at the very idea. 'And, besides,' he continued, 'won't it be right jolly to hear the spouting? But I suppose they won't stand anything but cold water, Sarah?' and Tom laughed merrily.

'I wish you'd be quick and wash yourself,' cried Sarah, terrified he might repent and not go after all; 'it's near the hour already.' And Tom washed and scrubbed till his face shone again; and, dressed in his clean shirt and best suit, he set out, kissing Sarah, and promising not to be late.

Poor Sarah! she had a small cry by herself

after he was fairly off, and all the evening her heart throbbed with a strange mixture of hope and fear. She hoped and prayed that her husband might be convinced by the arguments of the various speakers, and be induced to give up drinking from that night henceforth ; but she feared that, when returning home, Tom might meet with some of his bad companions, and then Miss Amy's present might be productive of more harm than good. The first ardently wished for result seemed only too good to be realised, and the latter more likely, and much to be dreaded ; and she almost wished she had kept Tom at home when she had got him there safe and sober.

As the evening wore away she became restless and fidgety ; and as ten o'clock struck, and then the half-hour, her heart sank within her. ' They are often kept late at these meetings,' thought she, sewing faster and faster, to keep herself from thinking of the state in which it was probable Tom might arrive. ' Oh that I had kept him when I had him !' Supper was ready on the table, Tom's slippers toasting before the fire, his old coat lying ready, and every step coming down the now silent street she thought was his, but they passed, one after another ; and she was about to indulge in a hearty fit of crying when she heard his key in the door, and jumped up to

welcome him. One glance told her that Tom was not only sober, but graver and more thoughtful looking than usual. Light-hearted and happy, she danced about, fidgeting around him, and asking so many questions about the *soirée*, that Tom laughingly told her to hold her tongue, and allow him to tell his story in his own way.

‘But you’ll take some supper first, Tom?’ said she.

‘No, no,’ said Tom, ‘I’ll tell it at my own time too, and that is before I eat a morsel; but take you your supper, dear, and I’ll talk whilst you’re eating.’

‘Well, you see,’ began Tom, putting one foot on the hob, and nursing his knee with his clasped hands, ‘I was too late; chapel crammed to suffocation; and I and some other fellows who could not get in were just making up our minds to go and have a jolly spree elsewhere (here Sarah breathed a low sigh, which did not escape Tom, though he took no notice), when a gentleman came out of a side door to get a breath of air—I suspect ’twas getting precious hot inside by that time,—and says he, “Why, my lads, can’t you get in?” “No, sir,” says I, taking on me to be spokesman. “Have you got tickets?” says he, next—and very glad I was I hadn’t torn mine, as I was tempted to do, and after

Miss Amy bringing it too ; and when he sees we all had our tickets—" All right, gen'lemen," says he, and takes us all into a side-room, and goes away and sends us oceans of tea and mountains of cookies, and them kind of things ; so you see I'm in no hurry for my supper, Sarah.'

'But, Tom, did you not get in to hear the speeches?' asked Sarah, anxiously.

'Wait a bit,' said Tom. 'Well, after we had finished a jolly tea, right comfortable, the same gen'leman comes back (a very nice gen'leman he was, and *so* civil), and takes us all into the chapel, and gets us seats, where we could hear 'em well ; and there was some very nice speeches—very ; and then *our* gen'leman gets up, and I hears them saying, "That's Dr Hall." Why, thinks I, that's my wife's minister ! and you may be sure I listened hard, Sarah darling, and right good sense he did speak ; and he spoke—and he spoke,' continued Tom, hesitating and stammering, and clearing his throat more than once, 'till I've been and turned an abstainer,—signed the pledge, in fact ! And what's more, Sarah,' he added, suddenly turning round, and looking his wife full in the face, 'I think I'll go with you to-morrow and hear him preach !'

Poor Sarah ! She could contain herself no longer ; she burst into tears, and kissed and

hugged him, and Tom kissed and hugged her, and they laughed and cried together, for all the world like two happy children. And Tom *did* go and hear Dr Hall, not once, nor twice, but regularly; and, after a while, he became a member of his church, and a very consistent one too; and the Doctor was wont to boast, that if he had not become an abstainer he would not have gained English Tom.*

* A story resembling that of English Tom was related by the Rev. Newman Hall, at a temperance meeting in Edinburgh, as having occurred in his own experience.





CHAPTER V.

THE PREACHER.

‘To preach as dying unto dying men.’



LINDSAY spent the Sabbath in reading *The Rights of Man*, and, towards evening, went out to take a stroll. Approaching the top of the street in which he lived, he found a crowd collected round a man who was standing on a kitchen chair, praying very earnestly. Lindsay despised street preachers, and was passing on, when the familiar tones of the man's voice made him start and turn round. Could it be? yes! it *was* Sandy Macpherson. Interested, and somewhat amused, Lindsay stopped to listen. Sandy's prayer seemed to come from his heart, and was very humble and grateful; and Lindsay was angry to find his eyes filling with tears as he listened. Close by

Sandy stood a respectably dressed woman, in whom Lindsay recognised his formerly miserable looking wife, pale and emaciated still, but with a peculiarly complacent expression on her sweet face, as her eyes rested on her husband, who was now opening his Bible to find his text. But nothing surprised Lindsay so much as to see Ephraim Brown in the outskirts of the crowd, evidently much ashamed of himself, and hiding behind a burly carter who stood before him.

‘I just want to hear what he’ll mak o’t,’ he whispered to Lindsay, who had gone round to his side.

‘Who is it,’ asked a gentleman, passing at the moment.

‘It’s a drunken mason, that says he’s converted,’ Ephraim answered drily.

‘Well, I hope he’ll drink no more,’ said the gentleman, good-humouredly; ‘but it’s a pity they all think they must begin and preach.’

‘Ay, ay, sir, it’s a great pity,’ said Ephraim; ‘but ye ken, Lindsay, Sandy was aye a grand spouter. Are you not going to wait and hear him?’ he asked, in a disappointed tone, as Lindsay was moving off.

‘No,’ said Lindsay, with a short laugh; ‘I have not enough of patience.’ And he left Ephraim sheltering himself behind the carter.

Lindsay's mind was in a confused, jumbled condition, and he wandered about the town for sometime, restless and dissatisfied with himself. A sudden shower of rain forced him to seek shelter in a church porch, the door of which stood conveniently open, and he stood for sometime listening listlessly to the sound of a voice preaching within, till, getting curious to see the speaker, he softly approached a door, and opened it a small space.

The church was well filled, and as the preacher's voice rung out, strong, clear, and melodious, not a motion was heard, and every eye was fixed on the speaker, who, Lindsay saw at a glance, was the minister who had spoken to him at the old book stall; and foolishly imagining that he would see and recognise him, he suddenly let go his hold of the door, and it closed with a bang, which sounded in Lindsay's ears like a clap of thunder. He was making his escape when the doorkeeper appeared, and caught hold of his arm. 'Come in,' he whispered; 'come in; he's near done, but ye'll hear the end o't, and the end's often the best;' and, too much ashamed of the noise he had made to summon courage to refuse, Lindsay followed him into the church, and took the seat pointed out to him.

The preacher's words seemed strangely familiar; and he soon discovered that he was reading extracts from a book, and that the book was *The Constitution of Man*—his sermon having apparently been a refutation of the opinions advanced in it. 'And *this* is the People's Edition!' he cried, his eyes flashing with indignation, as he threw the volume on the seat behind him, 'carrying its *poison* to the poor man's home!' 'Ah, sirs,' he continued, 'be not deceived by such false one-sided reasoning; by the paltry philosophy contained in such books as this. Ye who, it may be, are groping in the dark, and seeking in vain for the light of truth, go at once to the book of Divine revelation, where alone it can be found. Other books we may read or not as we please, but the study of this book we reject at our peril; other books are useful for time, this for eternity; in this book alone do we find the road to true happiness, for it contains the only remedy for the diseased soul, the only means for the restoration of fallen humanity, the only way of salvation. Many of you, no doubt, have a taste for reading,—and a blessed taste it is, which has lightened the burden, and smoothed the path, of many a weary heart,—and thrice blessed is he in whom it has been properly cultivated, for, allowed to run wild,

it but tends to the tickling of a sickly fancy, or ministers to the craving of a diseased imagination; but beware lest such a taste, wrongly indulged, lead you, in the near view of eternity, to echo the words of the learned Salmacius on his deathbed, "I have lost a world of time," said he; "if I had one year more, I would spend it in reading David's Psalms and Paul's Epistles."

'Poison!' thought Lindsay, as he mingled with the crowd leaving the chapel; 'and I don't know but he's right,' he added, gloomily.

'Wasn't it grand?' said some one, tapping him on the back. It was his friend of the book stall, who took his arm, and walked along with him. 'Wasn't it grand?' he said again.

'I did not hear the sermon,' said Lindsay, drily. 'I was only in time to hear the anathema on *The Constitution of Man*.' 'And I think he went out of his way to attack it,' he added, bitterly.

'Indeed!' said the old man, who was much excited. 'I think it was quite in his line. Many people praise that book, sir, who should know better.'

'You said yourself there was a deal of common sense in it,' retorted Lindsay.

'So I did, sir; so I did,' he replied; 'but, as

the minister said, it's one-sided ; and there's few people can take both sides.'

'I don't know what you mean?' said Lindsay, impatiently.

'Patience, sir, and I'll try and explain myself,' said the old man, clearing his throat. 'Some people obey the natural laws (or try to do so), and ignore Providence altogether ; whilst others put their whole trust in Providence, and live in gross disobedience to the natural laws, and consequently they, by implication, lay on Providence the blame of the suffering they bring upon themselves. Few people can strike the happy medium.' 'I take it,' he continued, 'that we ought to obey the natural laws to the utmost of our ability, trusting ourselves, at the same time, to the care of a superintending Providence, and praying daily for God's blessing on the means used.'

'That's my mother's plan,' cried Lindsay, suddenly brightening up. 'I remember when one of my sisters was very ill, she obstinately refused to use the remedies necessary. My mother was in great distress ; but finding entreaties unavailing, she at length told her she must give up praying for her recovery. "When I was on my knees this morning," she said, "I felt I was only mocking God, to be beseeching

Him to stay the progress of the disease, when I was not using the necessary means.”

‘Your mother must be a very sensible woman, and a true Christian,’ said the old man. ‘Where do you come from?’ he asked.

‘From the Borders,’ Lindsay replied.

‘I knew you were not an Edinburgh man,’ said the old gentleman, warmly grasping his hand. ‘I come from the Borders too.’

‘And how did you know I was not a native of Edinburgh?’ asked Lindsay.

‘From your tone, sir; from your tone; you don’t speak their broad Scotch.’ ‘And you have the *burr*,’ he added, evidently thinking he was paying him a high compliment.

‘Indeed!’ said Lindsay, drily. ‘I was not aware of it.’

‘I live here,’ said the old man, stopping at the head of a close. ‘Would you come and take a bit of bread and cheese with me?’

Lindsay was tickled at the idea of supping with his old friend, but he hesitated. ‘I’m sorry to trouble you,’ he began; but he was stopped immediately.

‘No trouble, sir; no trouble,’ he cried briskly. ‘It’s a long stair, but your young limbs won’t mind it, I daresay.’ It *was* a long stair, and Lindsay thought they would never reach the

top. When they did so, the old man produced a key and opened a door. 'There's a short wooden stair here up to my room. Take care, sir; take care,' he cried, as Lindsay stumbled up the crazy wooden steps, guided by the faint light from the old man's garret window. 'Now, we're all right; and I daresay we'll see to sup without a light,' he said, as he gave Lindsay a chair, and proceeded to prepare the supper table, producing from a cupboard a small loaf and a piece of cheese; then taking off his wig, he held up his hands, and in solemn tones returned thanks for the mercies of which they were about to partake; and then putting on the wig again, he cut the bread and cheese, and helping Lindsay, told him to make himself at home. It was all done with a quick, sharp briskness, which amused Lindsay, and he found it difficult to preserve his gravity.

'May I ask why you took off your wig?' he said, with a smile.

'Always do, when I pray, sir; always,' he replied. 'You remember the passage in First Corinthians about men praying uncovered.' 'You may think it odd, sir,' he continued, 'but being matter of conscience, I would feel miserable if I kept it on.' 'But our consciences play strange freaks sometimes,' he added, thoughtfully paring

his cheese. 'I remember hearing, when I was a young man, about a cocked hat that troubled an old man's conscience. He was a member of a small dissenting congregation, and was much scandalised one day at meeting his pastor wearing a cocked hat, cocked hats being at the time a new fashion. Saunders relieved his conscience by a serious remonstrance, and the gentleman, being both a humble Christian and a sensible man, declared that rather than hurt Saunders' conscience he would never wear the hat again. So the hat was laid aside, but by-and-by cocked hats became common wear, and even reached so low as poor Saunders, and he being in the habit of wearing his pastor's cast-off clothing, was made a present of the very hat which had hurt his conscience; and I was told,' said the old man, laughing heartily, 'that he wore it to the end of his days, and found it very comfortable.'* 'Now,' said he, jumping up, 'we must have a cup of coffee,' and in an incredibly short space of time he and Lindsay were drinking first-rate coffee, manufactured according to what he called 'a fashion of his own.'

'Now,' said he, as Lindsay declared he had supped heartily, and could take no more; 'now I'll light up, and we'll have worship;' and mov-

* A fact.

ing briskly about, he put away all traces of the meal; and lighting a candle, he produced two hymn-books and two large family Bibles, handing one of each to Lindsay, and then sitting down, he said, with as much solemn dignity as though conducting divine service before a large congregation, 'Let us commence the worship of God, by singing the hundred and first hymn;' and he read in a clear, shrill tone the whole of the hymn, beginning—

'See mercy, mercy from on high,
Descends to rebels doomed to die.'

Reading the first line over again, after saying, 'I'll take the air, sir, and you'll sing the bass.'

Lindsay was ashamed to refuse, and soon found his own deep bass chiming in with the old man's quavering note. It was long since Lindsay had joined in singing the praises of God, and a feeling of shame stole over him that he should be doing so now at this old man's bidding; but he was fond of music, and not insensible to the beauty of the hymn; and the real devotion expressed in the old man's face, as he waved his hymn-book to and fro, keeping time with the air, prevented any feeling of the ludicrous from entering his mind.

When the last verse was sung the old man opened his Bible, and announced the chapter to

be read with the same solemn gravity. 'We shall read verse about,' said he; and without waiting for an answer, he read the first verse of the third chapter of St John's Gospel, and Lindsay could not refuse to take his turn. It was long since he had opened his Bible, and as he read, and listened to the old familiar truths, tender and reverent feelings were revived within him.

He had seen, when a boy, a print representing Christ and Nicodemus sitting at a table, conversing by the light of a candle, and as he glanced round the dimly lighted room, and read the story verse about with the old man, a strange vivid realisation of the scene flashed upon his mind. Perhaps in just such another room, and at the same time of night, had the 'ruler amongst the Jews' visited the 'Teacher come from God,' troubled, like Lindsay, with doubts and evil suggestions, saying, as he was saying, 'How can these things be?' and a yearning regret that he could not, like Nicodemus, go to the Great Teacher Himself, to have his difficulties solved, oppressed his spirit.

When they had finished the chapter the old man again took off his wig, and kneeling down, said solemnly, 'Let us pray;' and Lindsay felt bound to follow his example. It was evident that the old man fully realised the presence of

that same Jesus to whom Nicodemus came; and Lindsay felt as though brought into personal contact with the Saviour. The old gentleman poured forth his thanksgivings and supplications at great length, till Lindsay imagined his presence had been altogether forgotten; but it was not so, for, before he concluded, he prayed for 'the young friend now under his roof,' in a manner which showed he had seen farther into the state of his mind than Lindsay had the slightest idea of, and in terms so tender as moved him to tears.

He rose from his knees, struggling with his emotion, and for a minute or two there was a dead silence, and then Lindsay started up, saying 'It was late, and he must go.' His host persisted, in spite of his eager objections, in lighting him down stairs, and Lindsay was obliged to submit.

'You are very independent up there,' said Lindsay.

'Yes,' said the old man cheerfully; 'quite a self-contained house. My little wooden stair separates me from the rest of the land. I call it my *eyrie*.'

'Dangerous in case of fire, though,' remarked Lindsay gravely.

'There hasn't been a fire in the land since

I came to it,' said the old man ; 'and that's near thirty years now.'

'Well, good night,' said Lindsay ; 'and thank you,' he added. 'Please don't come any farther.' But he would not leave him till they reached the bottom of the stair. And as Lindsay looked back, going down the street, he saw him standing at the head of the close, looking wistfully after him, shading the flickering flame of the candle with his outstretched fingers.

Lindsay went slowly and thoughtfully home, and to bed, but he could not sleep, the influence of the coffee kept him awake, and his thoughts were busy. The son-like confidence of Sandy Macpherson, and the old man's prayers, the fervid eloquence of the preacher, the hymn he and his old friend had sung together, and above all, the account they had read of the interview between Christ and Nicodemus, had left a deep impression on his mind. The wistful expression, too, of the old man's face, as he looked after him, expressing, as it did, a pitying sympathy with his feelings, affected him much as he remembered it ; and he almost resolved to go and confide in him the next day.

Hours passed, and still Lindsay's brain was busy, and at length, when just falling asleep, he was roused by the rumble of a fire-engine

on the causeway, cries of 'Fire!' and the patter of many feet. Then he listened for what, from former experience, he knew would follow, the opening and shutting of Mrs Pettigrew's door, and the sound of Jamie Pettigrew's footsteps, as he went stealthily down stairs; for Jamie had a *penchant* for fires, and seldom missed one when he could help it. Lindsay was hard wrought, and glad of his night's rest, and he generally lay still, but this night he sprang up, and, hastily dressing himself, followed Jamie's example.





CHAPTER VI.

THE EYRIE.

'Of all that wisdom dictates, this the drift,
That man is dead in sin, and life a gift.'



WHEN Lindsay reached the street he found different rumours current amongst the rabble of men and boys, who were all running in one direction. Some said it was a fire, and some that an old house had fallen, burying the inhabitants in its ruins; whilst others declared the whole affair a hoax, and a *ruse* of the police, though what object was to be gained by raising such a report they could not explain.

Lindsay ran with the rest, and soon found himself retracing his steps along the road he had come home a few hours before, and coming suddenly in view of the scene, was horrified to see the old man's land in ruins. The firemen had

been called out to assist the police in propping up what still remained of the walls, and the rumour of a fire had brought the engine. A dense crowd was looking on, and enjoying the sight, speculating and calculating as to the probable fall of the remainder of the building, and giving an occasional cheer as a daring fireman was seen, in the dawning morning light, running along some dangerous path.

‘The folks are a’ out long ago,’ said a man, in reply to Lindsay’s eager questioning after the safety of the inhabitants. ‘And the wonderful thing is, that there’s nobody much hurt. Ye see it gave warning, and didn’t fall all at once; and they say the stairs are not all down yet.’ Lindsay breathed a sigh of relief; but a lurking fear haunted his mind concerning the old man’s safety, and he wandered about the outskirts of the crowd, making anxious inquiries at the various groups of onlookers, as to whether any one answering to his description had been seen. Nobody knew anything about him, but as Lindsay repeated his question once more, a woman who was watching some broken remnants of furniture cried out, ‘I ken wha he means,—the auld bookseller that lived in the turret. I neither saw nor heard tell o’ him, puir cratur’. I doubt he’s in the turret yet; but

if it's doon, he's sure to be killed ; an' if it's no, he's no' likely to get doon noo.

Lindsay felt for a moment as though a load of cold lead had fallen on his heart, but the next he was elbowing his way through the crowd, who were kept back from a too dangerous proximity to the building by a strong body of police. It was no easy matter, but he reached the front at last. There he was stopped by a policeman, who seized him by the collar, as he was running across the open space.

'Are ye mad or drunk?' he cried, dragging him back.

'Neither,' said Lindsay coolly. 'I've a friend in the garret up there, and I'm going to save him;' and dexterously twisting himself from the policeman's grasp he rushed down the close and up the stair. Yes! up, up, he went, through the debris and over the gaps, springing over many a yawning chasm which at another time he might have thought impossible, half choked with dust and lime, but never for a moment pausing or hesitating. No thought of his own danger ever entered his mind, but, strange inconsistency in the circumstances, he kept repeating to himself the policeman's words, connecting them with a quotation he had met somewhere in the course of his reading, and which had been

hidden in some recess of his memory till brought to mind, at a most unlikely moment, by the policeman's exclamation. 'Mad or drunk,' he muttered again and again. 'Cicero says, that a man who dances must be either mad or drunk, but this is strange dancing.' And he laughed a low unnatural laugh, which frightened even himself when he heard it.

He reached the top at last, and shuddered when he saw the sky where the roof had been; but, isolated from the main building, the old man's turret was still entire, and Lindsay knocked at the door with all his might. There was no response from within, and with a desperate kick he shivered the frail timber, and broke the lock from its fastenings. Then he paused and listened, but there was no motion, and springing up the short staircase he entered the eyrie. The rays of the rising sun partially lighted the room, and displayed the old man sleeping peacefully on a small camp bed in a corner.

'Rise!' shouted Lindsay, shaking him by the shoulder. He opened his eyes, and smiled.

'My friend,' said he, with a sleepy stare, 'I thought you left some time ago; I was dreaming that ——'

'Oh, get up!' interrupted Lindsay, imploringly, and pulling him out of bed. 'Here are

your clothes ; be quick, there is no time to lose ; the house is falling. I had great difficulty in getting up, and the stairs may all be down in a moment.'

'The house falling!' said the old man, beginning to dress himself in the garments which Lindsay sought for, and eagerly pressed upon him; and arriving at a small perception of the danger. 'I'm sure it's no wonder ; there have been suspicious cracks in the walls, sir, ever since I came to it, and that's not yesterday; in fact, sir, I was just thinking of informing the authorities myself.'

'Oh, be quick,' cried Lindsay, laughing, in spite of his fears. 'Is there anything particular you would like to save?' he added, as he put on his wig for him.

'I never keep money here, it is in the bank; but I would like to save my furniture,' said the old man, looking wistfully round the neat little room.

'Impossible!' cried Lindsay; 'it will take us to save our lives;' and he half pushed him down the wooden stair; but, as they reached the landing, a rumbling noise, and a perfect storm of dust, which nearly choked and blinded them both, sent them back to the old man's eyrie. Then, for the first time, did he fully realise the jeopardy in which they stood.

‘Escape for your life, my friend,’ he cried; ‘as for me, I will die here. I am prepared, but not you. Alas! not you,’ he repeated, in a tone of anguish.

‘I will not leave you behind. I will not go without you,’ cried Lindsay, passionately; and again he managed to push him down before him, and again the old man turned back in dismay. But Lindsay seized hold of him, and, lifting him in his arms like a child, he staggered down to the next flat. There he paused for a moment, and there the old bookseller recovered his presence of mind.

‘Put me down, friend,’ he whispered; ‘I promise to follow you.’

Lindsay obeyed, and they managed to crawl through the debris to the second flat downwards; but as they reached the last step the flooring gave way with a crash, leaving nothing before them but a whirlwind of dust and falling timber, and forcing them to rush back simultaneously to the turret. There they took breath, and looked at each other.

‘Oh! why, why did you risk your life to save mine?’ cried the old man, wringing his hands in great distress. ‘I am old, and have neither kith nor kin left to mourn for me; and you are young, and may have a long life before you, and

a mother to weep for you ; and, worst of all, you are not prepared to die !'

True, Lindsay *had* a mother to weep for him, and, too true, he was *not* prepared ; but to be reminded of both facts by the man whom he had risked his life to save, was more than he could bear.

'Let us pray, my friend,' said the old man, falling on his knees.

'Yes, pray you,' said Lindsay, with a bitter laugh. 'I need not, my prayer would not be heard, you know.' 'He's forgotten to take off his wig this time,' he muttered to himself, in gloomy amusement, as he turned on his heel, and once more descended the wooden stair to reconnoitre their position.

'Where have you been ?' asked the old man, rising from his knees, as Lindsay returned to the room.

'I've been using the means, whilst you were praying,' he replied, in a light mocking tone, assumed to hide his real feelings. 'We must leave this without delay, it is rocking like a ship at sea. I see our only chance is to take refuge in the window at the foot of the first flight ; the wall is thick and the recess deep, and we may be seen and helped by the firemen before the final crash. Come, you promised to follow me !'

He took hold of the old man's arm, and with some difficulty they reached the window recess, where Lindsay dashed out the pieces remaining of the broken panes, and then wrenched out the crazy frame, and they managed to seat themselves securely on the sill.

It was time, for, the next moment, the remainder of the steps they had just descended came down with a noise like thunder. Closing their eyes, they clung shudderingly to each other, as, immediately afterwards, the old man's *eyrie* gave way, and fell like a nest from a tree. As it fell, a loud shout rose from the crowd, now dimly distinguishable below, and the sight of human beings, and the sound of human voices, roused a spark of hope in Lindsay's bosom.

'If they could only see us! If we could only make them hear us!' he cried; and, leaning over the window, he shouted till he was hoarse.

'Hush, my dear friend, they cannot hear you,' cried the old man, pulling him back. 'If you don't take care you will fall over.'

'What would it matter,' said Lindsay, angrily, 'a few minutes sooner or later?'

'It will soon be broad daylight, and they may see us, and fall upon some plan to help us down,' continued the old man; 'though how it is to be done I know not,' he added, with a sigh.

‘You don’t need to care; you are prepared, you know,’ Lindsay bitterly remarked.

‘Life is sweet,’ his companion replied, in trembling accents; ‘and I sometimes think the longer we live, the longer we would like to live. But I cannot deny, sir, that, as we are placed just now, there is a vast difference between you and me.’

‘In what does the difference consist?’ asked Lindsay, gloomily.

‘I have an interest in Christ, which you have not,’ said the old man, gazing anxiously at him.

‘Ay,’ said Lindsay, ‘that’s a stock phrase; but can you tell me what it means? I hate cant,’ he added, bitterly.

‘It means,’ replied the old man, who was too anxious to be offended by Lindsay’s taunt, ‘that we are both sinners in the sight of God; but I, who have, I trust, been reconciled to God through Christ Jesus, have an interest in His finished work; whilst you, who do not believe in Him, are yet in your sins. You remember His own words to the Jews, “If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins.”’

Lindsay made no reply; but the words went home. Ay! that was it; he was still in his sins. He had been debating and arguing, reasoning and doubting, and all the time he had been a

sinner, and had failed to solve the important question as to how the guilt of his sins was to be removed. Mercy had been offering him a free pardon, and he had wilfully neglected to accept her terms. It was too late now; for at any moment the wall might fall, and he and his companion be hurled into eternity.

‘Too late! too late!’ he murmured, almost unconsciously.

‘It is never too late,’ cried the old man, eagerly. “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

‘But I don’t believe,’ said Lindsay, angrily.

The old man wrung his hands in despair. ‘Lord, help me!’ he whispered. ‘Suppose, my friend,’ he continued, ‘that I were to fall over just now, what do you think would become of me?’

‘You would be killed,’ said Lindsay, wilfully misunderstanding his meaning.

‘I mean, what would become of my soul? where would it go?’ cried the old man.

‘To heaven, of course,’ Lindsay promptly replied.

‘Then,’ said the old man, eagerly, ‘you cannot doubt the truth of Christianity?’

‘But you know I am not a Christian; you said so yourself,’ said Lindsay, sullenly.

‘No,’ said he; ‘but you are a sinner; and the same Jesus who, you allow, is able and willing to save *me*, is able and willing to save *you*.’

Tears started to Lindsay’s eyes, but he said nothing. The old man laid his hand tenderly on his shoulder. ‘Be thankful, my dear boy,’ he said, ‘that you have not now to learn the Gospel story for the first time; and remember the Ninevites whom God spared even after the prophet had announced their destruction, and limit not His mercy even at the eleventh hour. I have no doubt you are well acquainted with the Scriptures?’

Lindsay made no reply; but he groaned within himself. It was long since he had opened his Bible. And the words of the preacher came back to him now, and sounded in his ears, in all the silvery sweetness of the speaker’s voice, and with a terrible significance,—‘Beware lest, in the near view of eternity, you echo the words of Salmacius, “I have lost a world of time; if I had one year more, I would spend it in reading David’s Psalms and Paul’s Epistles.”’

But a shout from below turned Lindsay’s thoughts in another direction. It was now daylight, and, leaning over, he saw a perfect sea of upturned faces, gazing in the direction of the window where they were. ‘They see us!’ he

cried, madly waving his arms in the air; 'they see us!'

The re-action overcame him, and, bursting into tears, he kissed and hugged the old man, as though assured that they were already saved.

'Lord, direct them to the proper means,' said the old man, clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven. Again Lindsay stretched himself over, the old man keeping fast hold of his coat tails. There was a great commotion and running to and fro amongst the crowd, and it was evident some plan was about to be tried for their relief. But when Lindsay again faced his old friend hope had vanished from his face, and a gloomy despair seemed to have taken possession of him.

'You are giddy,' said the old man anxiously; 'it's enough to turn a stronger head than yours, looking down such a height.'

'Giddy!' ejaculated Lindsay with a smothered sigh.

'What is it then?' asked the old man. Lindsay hesitated. His practised eye had discovered a fearful crack nearly below the window, and he knew that the heavy stones on which they sat, half in, half out, might be dislodged by the first strong blast; but he was reluctant to communicate his discovery. But sympathy is sweet, and

on the old man eagerly repeating his question, he told him that it was more than probable that the upper portion of the wall would be down before assistance reached them.

‘It all depends upon the wind,’ he said anxiously. It had blown a strong gale through the night, but it was now comparatively quiet; but sudden gusts made them cling to each other every few minutes. But the wind gradually subsided, and they felt that the immediate danger was over; but still there was no sign of help coming. The crowd was denser than ever; and as time wore on, bitter feelings were roused in Lindsay’s mind by seeing vehicles of all kinds arriving, and then departing to make way for others, after their occupants had sufficiently gratified their curiosity by gazing at the ruins, and the two figures crouching in the window.

‘I wonder what o’clock it is?’ he sighed.

‘I have my watch,’ said the old man briskly; ‘and my watch goes well. See,’ said he, holding it out; ‘I forgot my spectacles.’

‘Ten o’clock!’ said Lindsay, joyfully. ‘I thought we had sat much longer here. They have the whole day before them.’ ‘But what can they do?’ he added with a despairing sigh. ‘It would be little short of a miracle to reach us here.’

‘Oh, my dear boy,’ cried the old man, giving

way for the first time, and sobbing in a manner which rent Lindsay's heart, 'how glad I would be to give my life to save yours, as you have risked yours to save mine.'

Lindsay tried to soothe and comfort him, but he continued to moan and weep bitterly, till a thought struck Lindsay.

'Pray,' he whispered, gently. He had struck the right chord, and the old man poured forth an earnest petition for deliverance, at the close of which Lindsay said solemnly, 'Amen.'

"Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved," said the old man, joyfully. 'Oh, my friend, put your trust in Him, and depend upon it He will not cast you off.' But Lindsay could only press his hand; he knew that his response had been uttered more from a desire to gratify his companion than from any dawning faith in his own mind.

Hours passed, and no help reached them, though it was evident that various plans were being proposed and tried in vain, for at intervals the people's excitement rose to a tumultuous height, which reached the ears of the two poor isolated men. Once or twice the old man fell asleep, and with infinite tenderness Lindsay put his arms round him, and allowed his head to rest on his shoulder.

Lindsay's thoughts were very busy. He speculated on the surprise which his non-appearance would cause in the yard; how English Tom would be applied to, and deny all knowledge of the cause of his absence; how Ephraim Brown would shake his head, and hope 'he had not been after any mischief on the Lord's day;' how the men would hear of the house falling, and how they would rush to the scene at the dinner hour; and then he wondered if it was past the dinner hour. 'If they knew I was here,' he muttered, overcome by a sudden rush of emotion, 'not a man among them would go back to his work.' And then Lindsay's thoughts *would* revert, against his will, to his mother; and he had difficulty in restraining the cry of pain which the thought of her grief brought from his inner heart.

But a shout, loud and prolonged, roused the old man, and sent Lindsay again half out of the window, with every pulse in his body throbbing violently. Could it be that help was coming at last? Yes! *there* was a gigantic ladder, or rather a number of ladders, tied together, with infinite care and painstaking, swaying to and fro, and gradually approaching the perpendicular wall, near the top of which their window was situated. It settled at length some

feet below them—too far for them to reach it, Lindsay saw at a glance. But the very idea that something was doing filled him with a rapture which precluded the idea of failure. ‘Look!’ he cried, holding the old man by the waist, and making him look over at the ladder; but he drew hastily back, and passed his hands over his eyes.

‘The height is fearful, sir,’ said he, with a shudder; ‘you may escape, but for an old man like me, it is impossible.’

The thought of escaping alone had never entered Lindsay’s mind, and the very mention of it wounded his generous heart. If you stay, I stay,’ he cried; ‘I will not leave you behind.’

Again he leant over to watch the progress of affairs. A fireman was slowly making his way up the ladder, but after coming halfway he seemed to discover how far it was from reaching the window, and after a pause he turned and retraced his steps. A low cry escaped Lindsay.

‘What is it?’ asked the old man, who was, as before, keeping firm hold of his coat tails.

‘Nothing,’ said Lindsay with affected cheerfulness. ‘The ladder is too short, but I’ve no doubt they’ll find means to lengthen it.’

Lindsay was right, for the ladder began to

move slowly upwards, till it came so near that it was all he could do to restrain himself from getting out to put his feet on it. But he knew this would be a dangerous experiment till some communication reached him from below ; and he waited in breathless anxiety.

Very soon a familiar form was seen steadily ascending. 'It's Sandy Macpherson!' cried Lindsay, laughing and crying in one breath ; 'and there's English Tom, and Ephraim Brown too !' and again he clasped the old man in his arms, in a transport of joy. Step after step, one after the other, the three figures approached, firm and sure-footed, but never once looking up.

'I wonder if they know it's me?' thought Lindsay with a full heart, as they stopped, and stood still a few yards from the top. A whispered consultation followed, and then English Tom, who was uppermost, said in a low, clear tone, 'Keep up your 'eart, Lindsay, dear.'

'Dear Tom, kind Tom,' murmured Lindsay, the tears rolling down his cheeks.

'We've tried the ladder,' continued Tom ; 'it's a little shaky, so take care of your feet, and keep your eyes fixed on them. Is the man beside you sure-footed ?'

Lindsay leaned over as far as possible, and whispered, 'He's an old man, who must be car-

ried down.' But though he spoke in a very low tone the bookseller heard him.

'Never mind me, my brave fellows,' he cried in his old sharp tone. 'Save Lindsay. I have a very short time to live at any rate. Here, my boy,' said he, taking off his watch, 'keep this for my sake.' But Lindsay pushed the watch away.

'I would carry him down myself,' he cried, 'if I only had him safe on the ladder; but if I come out first, he'll not move.'

'He must be a *hobstinate* old fellow,' he heard Tom mutter.

Another consultation followed, and then Tom moved nearly to the top of the ladder, followed by his companions, each a few steps below the other.

'Put him on the top step of the ladder, and we'll manage to get him down between us,' said Tom. 'We'd have liked you down first, Lindsay; but as he's an old man, we think you're right.'

But the old bookseller refused to move. 'I will not peril men's lives,' he cried decidedly.

'So you mean to say that you refuse the means of escape, which have, perhaps, been sent in answer to your prayer?' cried Lindsay, rendered desperate.

The old man's face flushed, and his lips

quivered. 'I will go,' said he; 'but I'll go on my own feet. Tell your friends to move down, and I will follow them.'

Lindsay hesitated, 'But,' said he,—

'Be quick,' said the old man, resuming his usual brisk manner; 'do you think I can't go down a ladder, sir? there's life in a mussel yet.'

Surprised, and almost angry, Lindsay explained to his three friends the turn affairs had taken.

'All right,' said Tom, the spokesman of the party; 'he must be a sensible old gentleman. Tell him never to take his eyes off his feet, and there's no fear of him.'

But Lindsay's heart sunk within him as the three men began slowly to retrace their steps, and he assisted the old man out of the window, and saw him safe on the ladder. But *he* seemed to have lost all fear except for Lindsay's safety.

'Mind your feet, my boy, when your turn comes,' he cried; 'keep your eyes on them, as the English lad said.'

'Oh, take care! take care!' cried Lindsay, half laughing, half crying.

'All right,' cried the old man, descending with a nimble agility, which speedily brought him into dangerous collision with English Tom's head.

'Call a halt!' Lindsay heard Tom breathlessly ejaculate; and the old man immediately moderated his pace.

Then Lindsay slowly and carefully got out, and began to descend. He found the ladder shaky, as Tom had said, but he felt no fear for himself. 'If I only knew the old man was safe,' he thought, as he went slowly and steadily down, watching his feet, step by step. There were a great many steps, and he was beginning to wonder if he would ever reach solid ground, when a wild shout from the crowd pierced his heart. 'He's down! I knew he could not do it!' he cried out, in an agonised tone, as he lifted his eyes, and half-turned to look down; the next moment he reeled, and lost his hold; then there was a rush of cold air, which seemed to enter his ears and go right through his head; then a crash, as though a heavy weight had fallen on his body, and Lindsay remembered no more.





CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

'Oh better far, by simple faith,
To find our way to life,
Than, lost in knowledge-mazes,
To take the path of death.'



INDSAY opened his eyes, and looked about him. Where was he? and what was the matter?—for he felt weak and sore, and unable to move. Was he not lying on his own bed, in his own room? and was not that his bookcase, and his books, every one of which he knew by head mark?

Slowly recollection returned, and he shuddered as he remembered the falling house, and his efforts to save the old man's life; but beyond the final crash, which he seemed still to feel in every limb, he remembered nothing. There

his memory failed him, and what followed was a succession of wild scenes and dreams, real and unreal, all mixed together, and changing places in wild confusion. Himself and the old bookseller, Christ and Nicodemus, the shouts of the crowd, and the glare of the firemen's helmets, an endless climbing of steep steps, and an equally endless falling into a bottomless abyss, the old man's cry of 'Escape for your life! I am ready, but not you,' the figures of his three friends climbing an endless ladder, but never looking up, something about Jamie Pettigrew, he knew not what, and his mother's sweet face for ever appearing and re-appearing throughout it all, were all mingled and huddled together in feverish succession. But it was all over now, and the simple feeling of safety was enough for Lindsay in the meantime.

Gradually it dawned upon him that he was not alone, that somebody must be in the room, and concluding that it was Mrs Pettigrew, he kept very quiet. By-and-by the slight motion he had heard from time to time ceased altogether, and, curious to see if she was really there, and if so, what she was doing, he turned slightly to move aside the bed curtain, and in doing so discovered that his right arm was bruised and stiff, and his left bandaged and

useless. He managed, however, to ascertain that his conjecture was correct, but lay back immediately, groaning with the pain caused by the slight exertion he had made. The next moment a cool hand was laid on his brow, and a face bent over him, which was certainly not Mrs Pettigrew's. 'Mother!' sobbed Lindsay, his heart throbbing with a rapture which he had not experienced since he parted from her.

Yes, it was his mother; and with his head cradled on her bosom he fell asleep, too happy to ask how she came there.

'The crisis is past, and he is out of danger. He is young, and, if I mistake not, has been temperate, which is much in his favour,' said a clear, manly voice, which woke Lindsay from a refreshing slumber. Opening his eyes, he recognised in the speaker a celebrated Edinburgh surgeon. 'Well, sir, how do you feel?' he asked, with a pleasant smile.

'Better,' said Lindsay. 'But what is wrong with my arm?' he added, looking ruefully at his left arm.

'Broken, sir; but well mended,' said the doctor. 'I set it myself; and in a week or two it will be stronger than ever. You may be thankful to have escaped with a few bruises and a broken arm. You behaved like a hero, sir; but

it was foolish, very foolish.' 'You've lost your head for a week or two,' he added, patting him kindly; 'but with your mother beside you, you'll soon be all right;' and he turned away, humming a tune. 'Plenty of books,' said he, as he passed the bookcase. 'I thought he was a temperate man; but now I am sure of it.'

'Mother, *dear* mother,' whispered Lindsay, as she came to his bedside, when the doctor was gone, and smiled on him a smile, which so beautified her face as to remind him irresistibly of the lines he had read in *Walton's Lives*; but the recollection brought tears to his eyes, for they recalled the old bookseller, and he shuddered as he remembered what must have been his fate. 'And you've been nursing me for weeks, and I did not know it, mother?' he sobbed.

But his mother was too wise to allow him either to talk or weep, but soothed and comforted, and fed him like a child, till he fell asleep again. It was evening before he awoke, roused again by a voice, not the doctor's loud, careless tones, but a soft whispering at the door of his room.

'Mother!' cried Lindsay fretfully; for weakness made him irritable. She was at his side in a moment. 'Who is it, mother?' he asked.

'A friend of yours, who has been here every

night and every morning asking for you,' she replied; 'would you like to see him, Lindsay?' Before he could reply, the old bookseller himself walked in, brisk, alert, and self-possessed as usual; but he could not speak; and sitting down by the bed he hid his face in the bed-clothes, and for some time nothing was heard but his laboured breathing, as he fought with the sobs which threatened to become audible every moment. Lindsay's mother wept with him—quiet, gentle, thankful tears; but Lindsay was too happy to do anything but gaze at the brown wig which covered the head lying on his bed.

'You're not dead!' he said at length, with a laugh, which startled his mother, and restored the old man's composure. 'I thought he was killed!' he cried again, bursting into tears.

'Poor fellow, he's weak yet, and no wonder,' whispered the old man to Mrs Lee. 'Yes, sir,' he added, turning to Lindsay, 'the Lord blessed your endeavours, and I am still in the land of the living to praise Him.' 'But I must go, and not weary you,' said he, starting up; 'the healing process has begun, and I would not hinder its progress for the world. I'll come back again, sir, another time.' 'I brought a few books for him, ma'am.' And he proceeded to empty his pockets, which were literally stuffed with volumes

of all sizes, naming each, in his old way, as he laid it down. 'I brought them half and half,' said he, as he produced the last. 'The solid are for the wholesome, nutritious, every-day food, and the light are for dessert—tarts, puddings, jellies, and such like.'

Lindsay's eyes sparkled as he looked at the books, and he laughed and cried by turns at the old man's remarks. 'And I thought he was dead!' he cried again.

'Good-bye, sir,' said the old man; 'you are well off to have your mother beside you.' 'She's a real New Testament Christian, sir,' he whispered, 'and might have been transplanted right off from the Church at Jerusalem. And she has the *burr*, sir; she has the *burr*!'

As the old man went out, another visitor came to the door to inquire for the invalid. 'Bring him in!' cried Lindsay, recognising English Tom's voice; and Tom walked in with soft, noiseless footsteps, having taken the precaution to leave his shoes behind the door. The two young men looked at each other for a few moments without speaking, but their glistening eyes said more than words.

'How is Sarah?' said Lindsay at length, anxiously avoiding any reference to their last meeting.

'She's doing as well as I could wish, dear girl; and so are the babbies,' Tom softly replied.

'Babbies!' said Lindsay, with a bewildered stare.

'Well now, didn't I forget you wouldn't know nothing about us having got two babbies,' said Tom apologetically,—'twins, you know, Lindsay, a boy and a girl. I had 'em both rolled up in a blanket to bring up stairs and let you see 'em, but Sarah's mother caught me in the *hact*; but I'll manage it another time, old fellow; they're such *curihsosities*, I would like to let you see 'em before they grow any bigger.' 'Ah, Lindsay,' whispered he, gulping down a sob, 'I'm *so* glad I gave up the drink before my children came home.'

Lindsay knew nothing about Tom having given up the drink, but he was in the mood to be surprised at nothing; and with a full heart he smiled, and feebly squeezed his hand. And Tom went away as noiselessly as he had come, politely bowing to Mrs Lee as he gently closed the door for her.

'I know you don't wish me to talk, mother,' said Lindsay, after Tom was gone; 'but how have you done for money, while I have been lying here?'

'Your wages have been regularly paid, my

dear,' said she, as she smoothed his pillow for the night. 'Mr Brown always came with the money himself.'

'Oh, how kind; and I used to call him "Ephraim the Pharisee,"' sighed Lindsay. 'And he was on the ladder too!' he added; but his mother again discouraged talking, and Lindsay quietly obeyed; and as he lay and watched her moving softly about the room, he felt, as he had often done when a child, that it was worth while being sick to have his mother for a nurse.

The doctor was right, and Lindsay recovered rapidly. His mother was not only a good nurse, but proved herself able to minister to his spiritual as well as to his bodily wants and weaknesses. She was one of those sincere Christians who, without having investigated the evidences of the truth of Christianity, have within themselves a witness to its truth, which no human reasoning or argument can subvert or shake. During the time Lindsay had lain unconscious, he had poured forth all his free-thinking doubts and difficulties in a style which had shocked and distressed her; but she was a wise woman, who had learned by experience that '*speech may be silver, but silence is gold*;' and she never referred, during the convalescence of her erring boy, to the knowledge she had thus obtained of his inner

feelings. As soon as he was able to bear it she read and prayed with him, choosing those portions of Scripture which she thought most suitable to his case.

Lindsay listened humbly and gratefully. All his infidelity seemed to have vanished, and though in after days he had many a hard conflict with the shadows left behind by his insidious foe, all such feelings were now vanquished by an absorbing anxious desire to escape from the wrath to come. The old man's words, 'Escape for your life! I am ready, but not you,' rung for ever in his ears; and a conviction of the power and reality of that vital religion, which had supported and comforted his companion in the prospect of a violent death, was gradually forced upon his mind. Gradually, too, almost before he was aware of it, Lindsay found himself joining fervently in his mother's prayers, entreating for the forgiveness of his sins, through the blood of the Lamb. It was like a calm after a storm; but Lindsay rejoiced with trembling.

'Mother,' said he one day, after a long, thoughtful silence, 'I thought myself a very wise man sometime ago, but I am thankful I have discovered my mistake before it is too late.'

'My son! my dear son!' said his mother, unable to say more, and weeping with joy.

‘But, mother,’ continued Lindsay, ‘my faith is so weak.’

‘Ah, yes,’ said his mother, ‘we all need to pray like the disciples of our Lord, “Increase our faith.”’

‘“Lord, help thou mine unbelief,” suits me better,’ said Lindsay, wiping his eyes.

‘And the Lord will help you,’ replied his mother, ‘even as he helped, of old, the man of strong faith who first used the petition.’

‘Strong faith!’ ejaculated Lindsay.

‘Yes,’ said his mother softly; ‘strong faith, that not only believed that Jesus had the power to work the miracle, but power to bestow the faith necessary.’

Lindsay’s eyes glistened as he tenderly kissed his mother’s hand.

‘Oh, how thankful I should be, mother,’ he cried. ‘I feel like another being from what I was before I fell from the ladder; for I suppose I fell, mother?’ he added, looking wistfully at her. But she turned away with a shudder; and as Lindsay marked her quivering lips and blanched cheeks, he resolved never again to refer to the subject in her presence. But by-and-by he was able to sit up the greater part of the day; and having prevailed on his mother to go out of doors, and get the fresh air she was

accustomed to at home, and missed much, he proposed that Mrs Pettigrew should be invited to keep him company during her absence.

That worthy was delighted with the invitation. She had paid Lindsay several short visits during his convalescence, only whispering a few kind words to him, and then going away,—a piece of self-denial which had touched Lindsay exceedingly. Now, however, he was determined she should talk, and tell him all he wished to know; and as soon as his mother was gone, and Mrs Pettigrew comfortably seated, stocking in hand, he led her on to speak of what had happened on the fatal Monday.

‘Dear me! bairn, I thought your mother would have told you all about it,’ she cried briskly. ‘To be sure you fell from the ladder. You see, no sooner did the old man’s feet touch the ground than the crowd set up such a cheer, that I fancy it startled you, Lindsay, and you lost your balance. It is a wonder you werena killed on the spot, for you were only half down,’ she continued, furtively wiping her eyes. ‘And the Provost, who was there himself giving directions, was just dancing mad, they said, with rage at the people, for frightening you. But “all’s well that ends well,” Lindsay, my man and your time hadna come.’

‘But how did I get home?’ asked Lindsay, after a pause. ‘I wonder they did not take me to the hospital.’

‘My Jamie did that,’ cried Mrs Pettigrew, triumphantly. ‘He thought it was a fire. You know he was always fond of running after fires. He and I have been near quarrelling about it sometimes,—but “it’s an ill wind that blows nobody good.” And he was standing by when they spoke of taking you to the infirmary, and he spoke up like a man, and said you must be taken home. But I am thinking they perhaps would not have minded Jamie; but the great doctor, who has been here so often, was there too,—and it seems he has quarrelled with the infirmary,—and he took my son’s part, and said, if you were taken home he would have no objections to attend to you himself; and so the Provost gave in, and the doctor brought both you and Jamie home in his own carriage.’

Here Mrs Pettigrew paused, overcome, apparently, by the recollection; and Lindsay waited patiently till she had recovered her composure. ‘You’ll not recollect of riding in the doctor’s carriage?’ she asked, looking wistfully at him.

Lindsay shook his head.

‘You looked wonderfully collected at the time,’ she continued; ‘and gave your mother’s address

all correct; and we telegraphed for her, and she came next day.'

Here Mrs Pettigrew paused again, and drove her knitting-needles furiously.

'I was awfully afraid when I saw the great doctor,' she resumed. 'I thought he would be sure to cut off either an arm or a leg,—they like nothing better. But you may be thankful he had more sense; some of them would have taken your arm off before you could say Jack Robinson. And when your mother came, you did not know her, Lindsay; and my heart was grieved for her. You are well off, Lindsay, to have such a mother. She is the most heavenly-minded woman I ever came across, and she has a great gift in prayer.' 'I just knelt down and listened at the key-hole,' she whispered, in answer to his glance of surprise. 'Yes, man, it was real edifyin'; it is the first time I have enjoyed the privilege of family worship since my husband died. I was sometimes awful afraid you would hear me; and one night I could not stop sneezing, I almost choked myself keeping it in. You will go to the church when you are better, Lindsay?' she added, coaxingly. 'Not to say,' she continued, 'that all those who go regular to the church are any better than their neighbours; but though there are plenty that go who are *not* in the right

road, there is no one that does not go who *is* in the right road. There is Tam Tod,' she continued, 'goes regularly now; and his wife is a happy woman.'

'I am very glad to hear it,' said Lindsay, fervently. 'You and I shall go together, Mrs Pettigrew,' he added, with a smile.

Tears filled the old woman's eyes. 'But I am going away, and soon,' she sighed. 'You see, Jamie has got a grand situation in England. I should be very thankful,—Jamie has been a good son to me; but I little thought I would be buried out of Edinburgh. I hear him coming up,' she added, listening with her hand at her ear; 'might I bring him in, Lindsay? he is wearying to see you.'

'Certainly,' cried Lindsay, who knew now why Jamie Pettigrew's face had mingled with his visions; and when his mother almost pushed him into the room, he grasped his hand with an eager cordiality which set his bashful visitor at his ease. 'You are going away, it seems, Jamie?' said Lindsay, softly.

'Yes,' said Jamie, with a blush; 'I've been appointed organist to St Peter's at B——.'

'I'll miss you both much, especially after my mother goes home,' sighed Lindsay; 'not to mention the organ,' he added, with a faint smile.

‘Ay, its a grand instrument,’ cried Mrs Pettigrew; ‘and Jamie’s been much the better of having it to practise on; he’s a grand player; and they sent gentlemen here to judge of his playing.’ ‘My certie,’ she added, ‘it was a good thing Jamie did not know they were in the kirk, or he would have spoiled every tune he played.’

‘Nonsense, mother,’ said Jamie, with a very red face.

‘I think you said you didn’t quite approve of your son’s profession,’ said Lindsay, a little maliciously.

‘Well, you know, not here,’ said Mrs Pettigrew; ‘but it’s different in England, the people there are all kind of born to organ-playing on the Lord’s day, and the Scotch are not.’

‘My mother thinks the Tweed between makes all the difference,’ said Jamie, laughing.

‘Well, Jamie, it does not look so sinful in England as in Scotland,’ replied his mother, nothing daunted. Jamie was still laughing heartily when Mrs Lee appeared.

‘Go away,’ cried his mother, giving him a push towards the door. ‘We’ve been very quiet, Mrs Lee, till that laddie came in. He does not know how to behave in a sick-room;—but the patient’s looking so well, it’s scarcely fair to

call it a sick-room!’ And, with an encouraging nod to Lindsay, she followed Jamie, who had made his escape; but she returned the next moment to say, in a loud whisper, ‘I forgot to tell you that you were put in the public prints, Lindsay; they said you was a perfect hero!’

Lindsay first laughed and then cried, and his mother gently chid him for allowing himself to be agitated and excited in her absence. And he was exculpating Mrs Pettigrew from any share of the blame, when another visitor arrived, in the shape of the old bookseller, who seldom missed a day without climbing the stair, to inquire for his young friend. He was always in a great hurry, but this day he sat down, for he had news of importance to communicate.

‘I have taken the other garret, ma’am,’ said he, addressing Mrs Lee. ‘The talkative old lady who has it just now told me she was flitting, and I thought I would secure it at once. Your son might have got bad neighbours, ma’am, and won’t be the worse of an old man like me to take care of him; and I’ve been like a fish out of the water since my eyrie was blown down. And we’ll have worship together every night,’ he added, rubbing his hands. ‘By-the-by,’ said

he, looking at Lindsay's bookcase, 'I'll take *The Rights of Man* with me to-day; it was only a loan, you know, sir.'

'I'll be glad to get quit of it,' said Lindsay, quietly. But the book was not to be found; and when Mrs Lee understood that it was *Tom Paine*, as she called it, which the old man wanted, she confessed to having destroyed it.

'I knew the book,' she said, 'and was sorry to think of Lindsay's mind being corrupted by it; but if I had known it was a loan—'

'No apologies, ma'am; no apologies,' interrupted the old man; 'you have only saved me the trouble of burning it. I have not attended sufficiently to the morals of my customers, or that book would not have been found on my stall. Here's *The Constitution of Man*,' he added, turning again to the bookcase. 'I'll burn *it* for you, Lindsay.'

'No, no!' cried Lindsay, laughing, 'we'll give it to my mother; she has the sense to separate the chaff from the wheat.'

'Well, well,' said the old man, 'perhaps you are right; there's no fear of her.' 'She's a very sensible woman, sir,' he whispered, as he shook hands with Lindsay; 'and I hope, sir,' he added, looking wistfully in the young man's face, 'I hope you have learned from her to care more

for the Book of books, than for all the books on my stall.'

Lindsay said nothing; but the expression of his face, and the silent pressure of his hand, were enough for the old bookseller.

'I shall leave my son with an easy mind, seeing he is to have you for a neighbour,' said Mrs Lee. 'Truly, Providence is kind.'

And the light of her beautiful smile fell on the old man like a ray of mellow sunshine, 'which warmed the cockles of my old heart,' as he told Lindsay afterwards.

The first day Lindsay was able to resume his work, he found the men all waiting for him; they were as much excited as so many school-boys, and insisted on carrying him round the yard shoulder high, and then gave him three lusty cheers. Poor Lindsay was still very weak, and sitting down upon a stone, he covered his face with his hands.

'Come away into the counting-room, Lindsay,' said Ephraim Brown, kindly; 'come in and rest awhile. You must not kill him with kindness, lads; he's not strong yet, you know.'

'Take my h'arm, Lindsay,' said English Tom; and, supported on the other side by Sandy Macpherson, Lindsay followed Ephraim into the

small brick erection, which he had dignified by the name of 'counting-room.'

'Sit down, Lindsay,' said he, patting him kindly on the back; 'the lads are very proud of you, and it's all well meant; but they should have minded you were not just so strong as you used to be.'

'You are all too kind to me,' said Lindsay, wiping his eyes. 'How can I ever thank you three for coming to my help that terrible Monday?'

'Don't thank us,' said Sandy Macpherson; 'thank the Lord for His preserving mercy. And I'm sure, Lindsay, I have much cause to be grateful to you, for it was your speaking out the plain truth that first made me reflect on the error of my ways.' 'Drunken Sandy Macpherson can stand up for the Truth now with a clear conscience,' he added, with a smile.

'And "Ephraim the Pharisee" first learned that he was a sinner from Sandy Macpherson,' said Ephraim Brown, in trembling accents. 'I was very angry, lads, when I first heard of the nickname; but I now see that I richly deserved it. It was the sermon he preached that Sabbath night, Lindsay, that first opened my eyes. It was on the parable of the Publican and the Pharisee.'

‘Ah! yes,’ said English Tom, softly; ‘the prayer of the publican suits us all—“God be merciful to me a sinner;”’ and, with a full and thankful heart, Lindsay Lee said ‘Amen.’



Sunday Library for Young People.

Each Volume Illustrated and Handsomely Bound.

PRICE ONE SHILLING EACH.

I.
THE STORY OF A RED VELVET BIBLE.
By M. H.

II.
MARY MANSFIELD ;
Or, the Time to be a Christian.
By the SAME AUTHOR.

III.
ARTHUR FORTESCUE ;
Or, the Schoolboy Hero.
By ROBERT HOPE MONCRIEFF.

IV.
THE SANGREAL ; Or, the Hidden Treasure.
By M. H.

V.
WITLESS WILLIE, THE IDIOT BOY.
By the Author of "Mary Matheson," etc.

VI.
HENRY MORGAN ; Or, the Sower and the Seed.
By M. H.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE EACH.

I.
AUNT MARGARY'S MAXIMS :
Work, Watch, Wait.
By SOPHIA TANDY.

II.
MARY BRUNTON AND HER ONE TALENT.
By E. A. D. R.

III.
TALES FROM THE HOLLY-TREE FARM.
By Mrs. CHARLES BRENT.

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Sunday Library for Young People.

Each Volume Illustrated and Handsomely Bound.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

I.

**NEWLYN HOUSE, THE HOME OF THE
DAVENPORTS.**

By A. E. W.

II.

LABOURERS IN THE VINEYARD.

By M. H.

III.

LITTLE HARRY'S TROUBLES.

By the Author of "Gottfried."

IV.

THE HARLEYS OF CHELSEA PLACE.

By SOPHIA TANDY.

V.

ORPHAN LOTTIE;

Or, Honesty Brings its Own Reward.

By KATHLEEN.

VI.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GREAT KING.

By M. H.

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE EACH.

I.

LILY HOPE AND HER FRIENDS.

By HETTY BOWMAN.

II.

AUNT MARGARET'S VISIT;

Or, the False and the Real.

By JANE M. KIPPEN.

LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

27, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON'S
LIST OF
Gift Books for the Young.

BY DR. MACAULAY, Editor of "*The Leisure Hour*."

I.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. With Thirteen Illustrations.

**TRUE TALES OF TRAVEL AND
ADVENTURE, VALOUR AND VIRTUE.**

"Dr. Macaulay's name is a voucher for spirited work, and 'True Tales' are instructive as well as interesting."—*Times*.

"Full of stirring incident."—*Daily News*.

"The book, we need hardly say, is full of very interesting reading."—*Spectator*.

"With no little vigour and power of condensation he tells of such achievements, and such perils, and suffering as fell to the lot of the early Australian explorers, of the Garibaldians, and of the Arctic navigators; relieved by tales of such victories as those of Trafalgar and the Nile. Suitable biographies are skilfully introduced."—*British Quarterly Review*.

II.

**GREY HAWK: Life and Adventures
among the Red Indians. An Old Story Retold.
Eleven Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.**

"The editor of the *Leisure Hour* having come across a romantic story of real life, has worked it up into a genuinely interesting Indian story. The illustrations and handsome style in which the book is got up make it very suitable for presentation."—*Sheffield Independent*.

"We cannot better testify to its absorbing interest than by saying that we have read every word of it. It is a unique picture of Indian life and customs—of a state of things which already has well-nigh passed away. It is as instructive as it is romantic. As a book for boys, and not for them only, it can scarcely be surpassed."—*British Quarterly Review*.

BY DR. MACAULAY, Editor of "*The Leisure Hour*."

III.

ALL TRUE. Records of Peril and Adventure by Sea and Land—Remarkable Escapes and Deliverances—Missionary Enterprises and Travels—Wonders of Nature and Providence—Incidents of Christian History and Biography. With Twelve Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.

"'All True' contains records of adventures by sea and land, remarkable escapes and deliverances, missionary enterprises, etc.; is as entertaining as the majority of such books are depressing, and may be welcomed as a welcome present for children. The illustrations are above the average of those vouchsafed to us in children's books."—*Spectator*.

IV.

ACROSS THE FERRY: First Impressions of America and its People. With Nine Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

"Dr. Macaulay not only records his own impressions, but he incorporates with them much of the useful and interesting information which an intelligent traveller not only picks up, but takes special pains to furnish himself with. The volume is a series of Photographs of America as it was in 1870, and is full, therefore, of practical interest."—*British Quarterly Review*.

THE BOY IN THE BUSH. A Tale of Australian Life. By RICHARD ROWE. Crown 8vo, with Illustrations, 3s. 6d.

THE POSTMAN'S BAG. By JOHN DE LIEFDE. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"Commend us to Mr. de Liefde for a pleasant story, whether in the parlour or on the printed page. He is himself a story-book, full of infectious humour, racy anecdote, youthful freshness, and warm-hearted religion. In this pretty volume we do not get any of his more elaborate tales; it is professedly a book 'for boys and girls,' and is made up of short stories and fables, the very things to win children's hearts."—*The Patriot*.

BY MRS. ROBERT O'REILLY.

"Mrs. O'Reilly possesses the art which Miss Mitford exhibited so remarkably in 'Our Village.' To make a short tale attractive has baffled the art of some of the greatest of our novelists. It is a special gift, and she may be congratulated on its possession."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

I.

THE RED HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS.

With Twenty-six Illustrations by F. A. FRASER. Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.

II.

REED FARM. With Thirteen Illustrations by TOWNLEY GREEN. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt extra, 3s. 6d.

"One of Mrs. O'Reilly's best and happiest efforts."—*Christian Age*.

III.

MEG'S MISTAKE, and other Sussex Stories. With Twenty Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"The humour and pathos of these stories are beyond all praise."—*Standard*.

"We have never seen better stories of their kind."—*Academy*.

THE CHILDREN OF CHINA: Written for the Children of England. By the Author of "The Children of India." With Numerous Illustrations. Handsomely bound, fcap. 4to, gilt edges, 5s.

"Miss Marston's beautiful book comes to us in all the glory that gold, turquoise, and black can give to its binding. The fortunate children who get this book as a present will be pleased with its outward appearance, they will be delighted with its interior. The paper is good, the printing is good, the illustrations are good, and what is of greater importance the writing is good. The author knows well how to talk interestingly to children, and her style is so clear and simple that she contrives to convey an immense amount of information in her 320 pages."—*Illustrated Missionary News*.

"Will be joyfully welcomed. Well written, very elegantly bound, and profusely illustrated, with a good map at the beginning. We have seldom seen a book for children which we liked better, or could more heartily recommend as a prize or present."—*Record*.

BY THE LATE W. H. G. KINGSTON.

"Mr. Kingston's inimitable stories."—*British Quarterly Review*.

I.

FROM POWDER MONKEY TO ADMIRAL. A Story of Naval Adventure. Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound, 5s. Gilt edges.

"Kingston's tales require no commendation. They are full of go. All lads enjoy them, and many men. This is one of his best stories—a youthful critic assures us his very best."—*Sheffield Independent*.

II.

JAMES BRAITHWAITE, THE SUPERCARGO. The Story of his Adventures Ashore and Afloat. With Eight Illustrations, Portrait, and Short Account of the Author. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, handsomely bound, 5s.

"The supercargo's exploits at sea during the early part of this century appear as fresh and vigorous as though they were described yesterday. It is a healthy, hearty, enjoyable story."—*Daily Chronicle*.

III.

JOVINIAN. A Tale of Early Papal Rome. With Eight Illustrations. Cheap Edition. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"It is a powerful and thrilling story."—*Methodist Recorder*.

IV.

HENDRICKS THE HUNTER; or, The Border Farm. A Tale of Zululand. With Five Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Handsomely bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 5s.

"A delightful book of travel and adventure in Zululand."—*Athenæum*.

"A boy may be happy all day with Mr. Kingston's 'Hendricks the Hunter.'"—*Saturday Review*.

"HENDRICKS THE HUNTER."



Specimen of the Illustrations.

BY THE LATE W. H. G. KINGSTON (*Continued*).

V.

CLARA MAYNARD; or, The True and the False. A Tale for the Times. Ninth Thousand. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"An admirable story, in which the mischievous results of Ritualistic teaching are effectively shown."—*Rock*.

VI.

PETER TRAWL; or, The Adventures of a Whaler. With Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound in cloth. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, price 5s.

"Here will be found shipwrecks and desert islands, and hair-breadth escapes of every kind, all delightful and spirit-stirring."—*Court Journal*.

"It is a manly sort of book, with a good deal of information in it, as well as the adventures which boys love."—*Athenæum*.

KATE'S MOTHER. By ELLEN HODGSON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"A brightly told simple domestic story."—*European Mail*.

"A homely tale, very charmingly told of humble family life, with its trials, and sorrows, and loves; its disappointments and compensations. It is a thoroughly natural story, and one that will help to elevate and purify the life of the household."—*Christian*.

POOR PAPA. By MARY W. PORTER. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, sewed, 1s.

"His troubles are very comic."—*British Quarterly*.

"Intensely amusing."—*City Press*.

"Admirably told."—*Liverpool Albion*.

STORY AFTER STORY of Land and Sea, Man and Beast. By the Author of "Sunday Evenings with my Children," etc. With 130 Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The pages contain engravings in abundance, each one serving to illustrate a pleasant little story."—*Sunday School Times*.

"For young people this volume must prove quite an attractive mine of amusement. It will make an excellent prize."—*Schoolmaster*.

"A most attractive and useful volume for young readers."—*Rock*.

BY MISS DOUDNEY.

I.
A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

A Story. With Sixteen Illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS.
Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"Miss Doudney is a charming writer of good stories without being goody, and this ought to be a favourite amongst her numerous works."—*Academy*.

"A charming story for girls."—*Record*.

"I consider it not only one of the best of her stories but one of the best stories of its kind."—*Truth*.

II.
WHAT'S IN A NAME? With Eight Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 5s.

"One of Sarah Doudney's most charming idylls. The story is very sweet, full of charming surprises and soft emotions."—*Court Journal*.

"One of the most charming stories it is possible to conceive."—*Whitehall Review*.

III.
NELLY CHANNELL. With Four Illustrations. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A quiet and wholesome story well told."—*Daily News*.

"A clever tale, inculcating noble principles."—*Christian*.

IV.
NOTHING BUT LEAVES. With Frontispiece. New and Cheaper Edition. Eleventh Thousand. 3s. 6d.

"A pretty and well-written story."—*Athenaeum*.

"One of the most charming and exquisitely-told tales that we ever had the pleasure of perusing."—*Literary World*.

THE CHILDREN'S PASTIME: Pictures and Stories. By L. G. SÉGUIN, Author of "Walks in Algiers," etc. With 200 Illustrations. Square crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"It contains many excellent stories. They are well illustrated by many woodcuts. A treasure for those who have to amuse young folk."—*Scotsman*.

"A capital gift-book for a good boy or girl."—*Literary World*.

"A welcome gift in any nursery of young children."—*Literary Churchman*.

CHEERFUL SUNDAYS: Stories, Parables, and Poems for Children. With 150 Illustrations. By the Author of "Story after Story," etc. Square crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"'Cheerful Sundays' is the title of another volume of religious stories and verses for children. It is well done, and is excellently illustrated.—*Scotsman*.

"A good book for Sunday reading for little ones."—*Standard*.

SEPPEL; or, The Burning of the Synagogue at Munich. By GUSTAV NIERITZ. With Frontispiece. 1s. 6d.

"The narrative is of thrilling interest."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

BUSY HANDS AND PATIENT HEARTS; or, the Blind Boy of Dresden and his Friends. By the same Author. Eighth Edition. Crown 8vo, illustrated, 1s. 6d.

"One of the most beautiful stories ever written for children."—

"A real and genuine Christmas story."—*Times*. [Nonconformist.

THE "PRIZE" ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF
FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE. The Story of President Garfield's Life. By W. M. THAYER, Author of "George Washington," "The Pioneer Boy," etc., etc. Handsomely bound, large paper, gilt edges, price 5s.

THIS EDITION, containing Twenty full-page Illustrations, and Two Steel Portraits, completes the issue of 135,000 copies of this extraordinarily popular work. Its subject, its style, and its appearance combine to render the book pre-eminently suitable for presents, prizes, and school libraries.

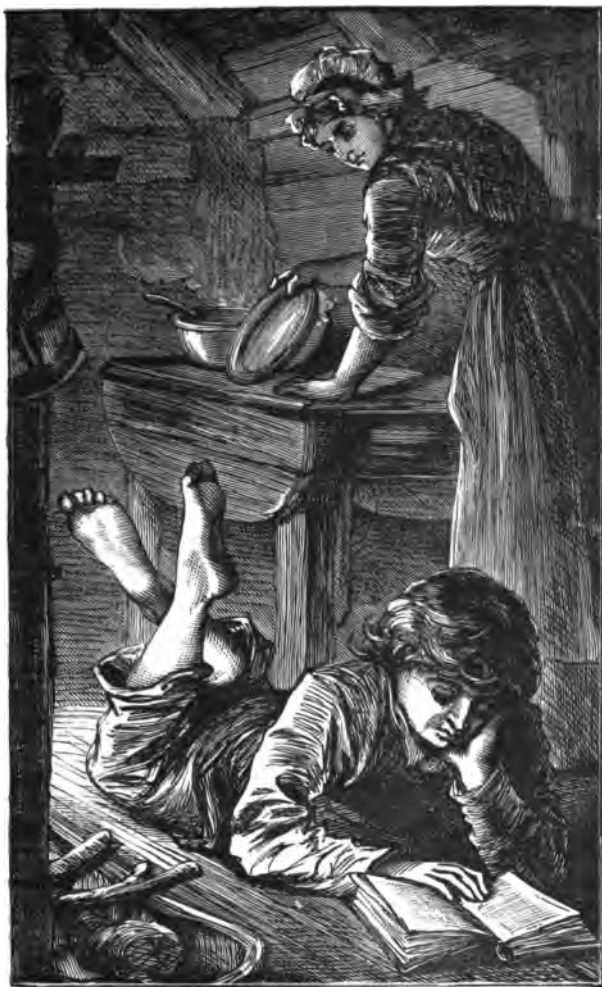
CHEAPER EDITIONS at 1s., 1s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. may also be had, containing a fine portrait of President Garfield.

"One of the most romantic stories of our time."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"The boyhood of Garfield, his struggles with poverty and other difficulties, his self-education, his strong religious sense, are all depicted in a way that brings out very strikingly the great character of the man."—*Guardian*.

"There could not possibly be a better or more useful gift-book for Christmas-tide, New Year, birthday, or indeed any 'tide,' year, or day than this thrilling story of one who from his earliest boyhood to the hour of his martyrdom, was every inch a king."—*Golden Hours*.

"FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE."



Specimen of the Illustrations.

BY L. T. MEADE, Author of "Scamp and I," etc., etc.

I.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NURSERY.

With Forty Illustrations by T. Pym. Fcap. 4to, handsomely bound, 5s.

"We have seldom seen a more spirited and delightful story for little children."—*Guardian*.

"A most charming children's story, exquisitely illustrated."—*Truth*.

"First of all, make way for his majesty, an imperious, courageous, delightful infant of three years, who calls himself 'Tarlie.' The lady, L. T. Meade, authoress of 'Scamp and I,' who tells us and her younger readers all about him, is assisted by T. Pym, an artist scarcely behind Miss Kate Greenaway in drawing children, with forty charming illustrations of this delightful nursery history."—*Illustrated London News*.

"T. Pym, who has illustrated this book, has drawn some capital and natural studies of child-life. The story itself is agreeably told, its author evidently understanding and appreciating the little ways of children. The nursery tale has all the naturalness of children's conversations, and will forcibly appeal to the young minds for whose amusement it has been written. The illuminated binding is exceedingly beautiful."—*Whitehall Review*.

II.

HOW IT ALL CAME ROUND. With

Six Illustrations. Handsomely bound, price 5s.

"A charming story. The characters are excellently drawn."—*Standard*.

"The story is worthy of the highest praise. Altogether, this is one of the best stories of the season."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

III.

HERMIE'S ROSEBUDS, and other

Stories. With Illustrations. Handsomely bound, price 3s. 6d.

"A collection of short pieces by this gifted authoress, illustrative of the quickening and ennobling influence exerted even on the worst of men by children. The whole series is a powerful and pathetic illustration of the text, 'A little child shall lead them.' 'The Least of These' is a capital sketch, so is 'Jack Darling's Conqueror.'"—*Freeman*.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NURSERY.



Specimen of the Illustrations.

BY L. T. MEADE, Author of "Scamp and I," etc., etc.
(Continued.)

IV.

SCARLET ANEMONES. With Frontispiece.

Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

"Two delightful tales."—*Sheffield Independent*.

"Two pretty little shilling books. The former tells of a child who was lost through a careless act of deception, and found again by the sense and prayerfulness of a young girl. 'The Two Sisters' is a story of the love and devotion of a twin for her frailer sister. Both tales are good beyond the average."—*Christian World*.

V.

ELLIE AND ESTHER; or, The Two Sisters. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.**THE ORIENT BOYS: A Tale of School Life.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A healthy story, of American origin, well told, and pointing some good morals that boys will do well to learn."—*Christian*.

"'The Orient Boys, a Tale of School Life,' will find favour among the boys, who will be more than interested in Carlos Chrysostomo Colimo. It is out of the ordinary and somewhat monotonous style on which school tales are constructed."—*Sheffield Independent*.

CHARITY MOORE. A Story. By LINA ORMAN-COOPER. With Illustrations by T. PYM. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"A tale of the brave deeds and unselfish life of a workhouse girl. It is romantic without being improbable, and altogether a very pretty story, prettily written, prettily illustrated, and prettily bound. With its covers decorated with holly and robins, it will be a welcome Christmas gift for many a little maiden."—*Christian*.

BY MISS M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," etc.

I.

FRIAR HILDEBRAND'S CROSS; or,
The Monk of Tavystoke Abbaye. With Frontis-
piece. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"The volume is beautifully written, and never were the struggles of a true and faithful heart more touchingly depicted. The tenderness of the sentiment which binds the friar to Cicely is depicted with such exquisite refinement and delicacy that many a bright eye will be dimmed with tears in the perusal."—*Court Journal*.

II.

**THE FLOWER OF THE GRASS-
MARKET.** With Five Illustrations. Cheap Edition.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"There is a healthy moral tone of a very high order sustained throughout the work, and an easy grace and diction, which make it highly commendable."—*Edinburgh Daily Review*.

"A handsomely got-up volume. The story is admirably written. The reader never loses interest in the fortunes of the various characters in it."—*Sheffield Independent*.

**THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF
JESUS** Told in Words Easy to Read and Under-
stand. By the Author of "The Story of the Bible," etc.
With Forty Illustrations. Handsomely bound, fcap. 4to,
cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An excellent Sunday book for children; the story is tenderly and brightly told, the pictures of Eastern life and Jewish manners form an effective running commentary on the text, which is interspersed besides with graphic views of the sacred cities, sites and scenery."—*Times*.

"A noteworthy book for the children. The forty or more engravings are fresh and true designs, fitly representing Oriental costumes and scenery. We have so often seen the regular conventional drawing, that it did us good to set our eyes upon these original sketches. The building is attractive, and the form and type of the book are all we can desire. The language is suitable for children, and it tells the wondrous story so that it may be understood of the little ones."—*Sword and Trowel*.

BY DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

I.

STANLEY GRAHAME. A Tale of the Dark Continent. With Eighteen Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

"The story never flags from beginning to end, and there can be no shadow of doubt that it will be received with delight by every healthy-minded lad. The illustrations are very good."—*Scotsman*.

"A fine book for boys, full of admirably vigorous and picturesque writing, and of wholesome manly form."—*Society*.

II.

ADVENTURES ROUND THE POLE;
or, The Cruise of the "Snowbird" Crew in the
"Arrandoon." Eight Illustrations. Handsomely bound,
gilt edges, 5s.

"It is a story of thrilling interest, the essence of a dozen Arctic voyages, lighted up by a good deal of fun and frolic, and chastened by manly religious feeling. It has excited us as we have read."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"The illustrations are excellent. Healthy-minded boys will find in the volume a source of great pleasure. It is brightly written, it is full of adventure, and it is thoroughly wholesome."—*Scotsman*.

III.

THE CRUISE OF THE SNOWBIRD. A Story of Arctic Adventure. With Nine Full-page Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

"This is a capital story of adventure of the sort that all true boys delight in. Every page teems with wonderful stories 'of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes'; and perhaps the greatest charm about these 'yarns' is that they are so true to nature that they read like actual experiences. A story which is full of 'go,' and will, we venture to predict, be one of the most popular 'boys' books' of the season."—*Academy*.

BY MRS. PRENTISS.

I.
THE STORY LIZZIE TOLD. By MRS. E. PRENTISS, Author of "Stepping Heavenward." Illustrated. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s.

"One of the most charmingly delicate tales of an invalid child's life that we have ever read."—*Nonconformist*.

II.
THE LITTLE PREACHER. With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"Of the 'Little Preacher,' the scene of which is laid in the Black Forest, a German gentleman, talking to a friend about the authoress, exclaimed enthusiastically, 'I wish I knew her! I would so like to thank her for her perfect picture. It is a miracle of genius,' he added, 'to be able thus to portray the life of a *foreign* people.'"—*Congregationalist*.

SLYBOOTS, and other Farmyard Chronicles. By BEATA FRANCIS, Author of "Fables and Fancies." Handsomely bound, with Numerous Illustrations, 2s. 6d.

"Delightfully simple and natural, and lighted up with gleams of fun and humour."—*Literary World*.

"We have thoroughly enjoyed and heartily laughed over these chronicles."—*Bath Journal*.

"There is a subtle moral in each of these chronicles, and the style is extremely humorous. A most enjoyable volume."—*Derby Mercury*.

CLUNY MACPHERSON. A Tale of Brotherly Love. By A. E. BARR. With Six Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"The story is of thrilling interest."—*Literary World*.

"The book, which is splendidly got up, is throughout exceedingly readable."—*Perthshire Constitutional*.

"This singularly beautiful story."—*Daily Review*.

THORNTON HALL; or, Old Questions in Young Lives. By PHOEBE J. MCKEEN. Crown 8vo, nicely bound, price 3s. 6d.

"An interesting and well-written story. The characters of the girls are well drawn, and the tone of the book excellent throughout."—*Church Sunday School Magazine*.

MRS. REANEY'S SHILLING SERIES.

Tastefully bound in cloth, price 1s. each.

Found at Last.**Little Glory's Mission.****Unspoken Addresses.****Number Four, and Other
Chippings. [Stories.****Not Alone in the World.**

"Written with all the author's well-known sweetness and persuasiveness of style."—*The Outlook*.

"Good little books in Mrs. Reaney's very best style. We hope they will sell by hundreds of thousands."—*Sword and Trowel*.

CAPITAL FOR WORKING BOYS.

Chapters on Character Building. By J. E. M'CONAUGHY. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 3s. 6d.

"We should like every working boy to read it. It is full of wise saws and modern instances, pithy quotations, and taking anecdotes. The spirit of persevering industry and independence will be fostered by such reading, while neatness, promptness, truthfulness, economy and true religion are not forgotten. Every wise father who has sons about to leave the home fire-side should give each one of them a copy of this capital book."—*Sword and Trowel*.

THE WINTHROP FAMILY. A Story of

New England Life Fifty Years Ago. By the Author of "May Chester," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A very dainty, winsome volume."—*Freeman*.

"Primitive New England life, hospitality, and home-heartedness are finely wrought out in it. There is a quiet, easy grace, a pleasant sparkle, and a genial attractiveness in the style which exactly suits the life, manner, and personages of the narrative. A most admirable one for home interest and delight."—*Golden Hours*.

"THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE

CHILDREN." By JULIA F. ARMSTRONG. With Twelve Illustrations. Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

"Very well told. The illustrations in it are well done."—*Scotsman*.

"A truly delightful story."—*Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

"There is no child who will not be charmed with the story."—*British Messenger*.

"THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN."



Specimen of the Illustrations.

WORKS BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

I.

JUST IN TIME; or, Howard Clarion's Rescue. Handsomely bound, crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

"It is really one of her very best books, and that is high praise indeed. She always writes with a purpose, and her stories clearly indicate both culture and a wide knowledge of the world and its needs. The secret of her success doubtless lies in the fact that her pictures of life are real, and consequently true to the experience of the reader. The present story, which is gracefully told, is likely to have many appreciative readers."—*Christian Commonwealth*.

II.

DAISY SNOWFLAKE'S SECRET. A Story of English Home Life. New and Cheaper Edition. Elegantly bound, 3s. 6d.

"Winning in style, pure and earnest in tone, and of commanding interest."—*Daily Review*.

III.

OUR DAUGHTERS: Their Lives Here and Hereafter. Eighth Thousand, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A thoroughly wise and helpful book."—*Christian*.

IV.

OUR BROTHERS AND SONS. Fourth Thousand. Elegantly bound, 3s. 6d.

"One of her best books, written in excellent English, and with a racy, earnest pen."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

THEODORA CAMERON. A Home Story.

By PHÆBE J. McKEEN. With Five Full-page Illustrations. Seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, price 5s.

"A pretty story of the great civil war, which, though issued in a single volume, comprises not less matter than an ordinary novel, and introduces the reader to many varieties of character, and numerous stirring scenes in the home and on the battle-field."—*Daily News*.

BY ISAAC PLEYDELL.

IN A CORNER OF THE VINEYARD.

A Village Story. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 5s.

"The hard, rough life of the men is vigorously drawn."—*Athenaeum*.

"The characters are drawn with graphic skill, and the story is one of absorbing interest."—*Derby Mercury*.

"A touching and stimulating story."—*Christian World*.

BELL'S LADIES' READER. A Class

Book of Poetry for Schools and Families. With an Introduction on the Principles of Elocution. By D. C. BELL, Joint Author of "Bell's Standard Elocutionist." Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

BELL'S STANDARD ELOCUTIONIST.

Principles and Exercises. Followed by a copious Selection of Extracts in Prose and Poetry, Classified and Adapted for Reading and Recitation. By D. C. and A. M. BELL. New and greatly Enlarged Edition. Containing over 500 of the choicest Extracts in the English Language, with the Principles of Elocution fully stated. Strongly half-bound in roan, 544 pages, 3s. 6d.

"This is the best book of the kind."—*Bookseller*.

FERN GLEN FARM. By HELEN PINKERTON

REDDEN. With Illustrations by the Author. In crown 8vo, cloth, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

"It is a singularly simple and sweet picture of child-life framed in the fairest imaginable setting of natural scenery and domestic affection. The story is fragrant with the breath of trees and flowers, and pervaded with a healthy enjoyment of the delights of rural life that is charming and contagious. Were anything needed to increase our interest in the persons of her youthful heroes and heroines, it is supplied in the delicate grace and airy fancy that illumine the illustrations with which she has beautified her little book."—*Presbyterian*.

BY J. R. H. HAWTHORN.

I.

LAUNCHING AWAY ; or, Roger Larksway's Strange Mission. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt edges, 5s.

"An excellently written book of incident and adventure mainly in Australia. The author knows how to make such a book interesting, and he has in this one eminently succeeded."—*Scotsman*.

II.

THE PIONEER OF A FAMILY ; or, Adventures of a Young Governess. Second Edition. With Frontispiece. 5s.

"Few stories have such an air of reality about them. Mr. Hawthorn has the faculty of drawing his characters in such graphic fashion, that we seem to have known them, and are forced to sympathise with their joys and sorrows."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

"Full of terse and powerful sketches of colonial life."—*Freeman*.

OLIVER WYNDHAM. A Tale of the Great Plague. By the Author of "Naomi ; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem," etc. Sixteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The chief merit of the book is the exquisite delicacy with which it illustrates Christian feeling and Christian principle in circumstances the most trying and varied."—*Weekly Review*.

DAVID EASTERBROOK. An Oxford Story. By TREGELLES POLKINGHORNE. With Frontispiece. Handsomely bound, 5s.

"An exceedingly interesting story."—*Rock*.

"A bright, vigorous, and useful work."—*Freeman*.

BY MARIE HALL *née* SIBREE.

I.

NOBLE, BUT NOT THE NOBLEST.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

"The picture is skilfully drawn, with tender touches and with artistic lights. We heartily commend it. To those who have read the author's previous stories of 'The Dying Saviour and the Gipsy Girl,' 'Andrew Marvel,' etc., this is scarcely necessary."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"A more elegantly written, graceful, and powerful story the present story season has not yielded us."—*Freeman*.

II.

ANDREW MARVEL AND HIS**FRIENDS. A Story of the Siege of Hull. Fourth Thousand. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.**

"Mrs. Hall's knowledge of the historical details is as exact as her imagination is fertile and faithful. The pictures are good, and the beautiful photograph of the statue of Marvel at Hull well deserves to be noted. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have certainly made it a beautiful and attractive book."—*British Quarterly Review*.

III.

THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE**GIPSY GIRL, and other Tales. Fifteenth Thousand.**

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The stories are gracefully written: they are marked by good feeling and refined taste, and the moral conveyed by them is unexceptionable."—*Spectator*.

IV.

THE DYING SAVIOUR AND THE**GIPSY GIRL, and THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. Two Stories. Eighteenth Thousand. Fcap.**

8vo, price 1s.

"A literary gem not less admirable for the beauty of its diction, and the artistic finish of its details than for its lucid exhibition of the gospel. The 'Old, Old Story' was seldom told in sweeter words."—*S. S. World*.

CHEAP ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS OF J. B. DE LIEFDE'S STORIES.

I.

A BRAVE RESOLVE ; or, the Siege of Stralsund. A Story of Heroism and Adventure. With Eight Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

"Gives a capital picture of the Siege of Stralsund in the Thirty Years War. It is an excellent historical novel."—*The Guardian*.

"A highly interesting romance. The exciting events of the Thirty Years War are depicted with much fidelity, and the love story lends an additional charm to a thoroughly readable book."—*Court Journal*.

"It is admirably done—we have not read a better historical story for a long time."—*British Quarterly Review*.

II.

THE BEGGARS ; or, the Founders of the Dutch Republic. With Four Illustrations. Crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Mr. de Liefde's 'Beggars' is a piece of genuine historical romance, full of incident, and not wanting in colour and lesson. The book is a good and lively one, and we cordially recommend it."—*Argosy*.

"This is an interesting and animated story, the scene of which is laid in the Netherlands at a time with which Mr. Motley's works have made us familiar. The hero of Mr. de Liefde's tale engages in an attempt to rescue Count Egmont the night before his execution, and afterwards takes service in the fleet of Sea Beggars, which was so troublesome to Spain, and of such service to the young Dutch Republic. There is no lack of adventure in the book."—*Athenaeum*.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. The Story of his Life and Labours ; or, The Weaver Boy who became a Missionary. By H. G. ADAMS. With Steel Portrait and Thirty Illustrations. Fifty-seventh Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An admirable condensation of 'The Story of the Life and Labours of Dr. Livingstone.' Comprehensive in range, abounding in detail, and vividly presenting the graphic description of the great explorer himself."—*Record*.

4 *BRAVE RESOLVE.*



Specimen of the Illustrations.

RE-ISSUE OF JACOB ABBOTT'S STORIES.

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| I. JUNO & GEORGIE. | III. JUNO on a JOURNEY. |
| II. MARY OSBORNE. | IV. HUBERT. |

With Frontispiece. Fcap. 8vo, cloth, price 1s. 6d. each.

"Well printed and elegantly bound, will surely meet with a hearty welcome. We remember the delight we took in them years ago, and how lessons which they inculcated have left their traces until this day. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was one of the warmest admirers of the author of 'The Young Christian,' and recognized in him a man of congenial spirit. For strong common sense, knowledge of child nature, and deep religious fervour, we have had nothing superior to these four delightful stories."—*Freeman*.

"The author of 'The Young Christian' is really an English classic. One of his little books exerted such an influence on Frederick Robertson of Brighton, that its perusal formed a turning-point in the life of that great preacher; and there have probably been thousands on both sides of the Atlantic similarly affected by the writings of the same author. We therefore welcome with peculiar satisfaction the elegant edition of four of his best stories."—*Christian Leader*.

SHORE AND SEA. Stories of Great Vikings and Sea Captains. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Ten Illustrations. Handsomely bound, gilt edges, 5s.

"A book which is as thrilling as any romance."—*Scotsman*.

"An interesting book for adventure-loving boys. It contains a capital description of the life, customs, and manners of the Norsemen, together with much pleasantly-told information concerning 'Sebastian Cabot,' 'De Soto,' 'The Early Colonizers of Virginia,' 'Drake,' 'Hudson,' and 'Henry Morgan.' This collection will be deservedly popular."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"This is a carefully written and thoroughly good book. Mr. Adams has tried to sketch the lives of famous sea captains with fidelity as well as with graphic power. . . . It is the romance of the sea as it has been actually realized, and boys will find it as instructive as it is interesting."—*British Quarterly Review*.

JACOB ABBOTT'S STORIES.



Specimen of the Illustrations.

BY MARY PRYOR HACK.

I.

CHRISTIAN WOMANHOOD. Uniform with
"Consecrated Women" and "Self-Surrender." Elegantly
bound, 5s.

"We know no more suitable present for a young lady than this charming book, with its sketches of Mary Fletcher, Elizabeth, last Duchess of Gordon, Ann Blackhouse, Frances Ridley Havergal, and others. It will be a very fountain of inspiration and encouragement to other good women."
—*Sheffield Independent*.

II.

CONSECRATED WOMEN. Fourth
Thousand. 5s. Handsomely bound.

"The memorials are all deeply interesting, bright, and vivid."—*Freeman*.

"Some of these brief biographies are deeply interesting."—*Record*.

"The stories of such philanthropic women are profoundly touching."—*Spectator*.

III.

SELF-SURRENDER. A Second Series of
"Consecrated Women." Second Thousand. 5s. cloth
elegant.

"A most delightful book, written by a woman, about women, and for women—though it may be read by men with equal pleasure and profit. Each of the eleven chapters contains in brief, the life, history, and work of some sister who was made perfect either through service or suffering."—*Christian*.

THE SISTERS OF GLENCOE ; or,
Letitia's Choice. By EVA WYNNE. Twentieth Thou-
sand. Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, price 5s.

"Its life pictures are skilfully drawn, and the most wholesome lessons are enforced with fidelity and power."—*Temperance Record*.

"An admirable story, illustrating in a most effective manner the mischief arising from the use of intoxicating liquors."—*Rock*.

BY ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

I.

THE CHILDREN'S PORTION. Crown
8vo, cloth, 5s.

"As a preacher to children, Dr. Macleod has perhaps no living equal. In these delightful chapters he seems to us to be at his best."—*Christian*.

"Sunday school teachers will be glad of the very numerous illustrations and anecdote contained in it."—*Literary World*.

"Admirable specimen of what such addresses should be, thoughtful, earnest, simple, full of affectionate appeal, and freely illustrated."—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

"This is a collection of short sermons addressed to children. They are well adapted to strike the fancy and touch the heart of the young."—*Record*.

II.

TALKING TO THE CHILDREN. Tenth
Edition. 3s. 6d.

"An exquisite work. Divine truths are here presented in simple language, illustrated by parable and anecdote at once apt and beautiful."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

III.

THE GENTLE HEART. A Second Series
of "Talking to the Children." Fifth Thousand.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Mr. SPURGEON says: "We have been fascinated with the originality and beauty of its thought, charmed with the simplicity and elegance of its language, enriched with the store of its illustrations, and blest in spirit through its abundant manifestation of 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

LINKS IN REBECCA'S LIFE. An
American Story. By PANSY. With Frontispiece. Hand-
somely bound in cloth, 5s.

"By one of the ablest and sprightliest of American story-tellers."—*Christian*.

"We should like to see every young lady of our acquaintance fully engrossed in the reading of this book. It is an admirable five shillings' worth."—*Sword and Trowel*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE REDFERN'S
TROUBLES," *etc.*

I.

THE BAIRNS; or, Janet's Love and Service. With Five Illustrations. Thirteenth Thousand.
Crown 8vo, cloth elegant, 5s.

"A special interest attaches to 'The Bairns.' The characters are forcibly delineated, and the touches of homeliness which seem almost peculiar to our northern kinsfolk impart a peculiar charm."—*Record*.

II.

FREDERICA AND HER GUARDIANS; or, The Perils of Orphanhood. Cheaper Edition.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An exceedingly well-told story, full of incidents of an attractive character. The story will be admired by all thoughtful girls."—*Public Opinion*.

"A sweet, pure, and beautiful story, such as may be put with confidence into the hands of any English girl."—*Sheffield Independent*.

III.

THE TWA MISS DAWSONS. Crown 8vo,
cloth, price 5s.

"We gladly welcome a new book by the author of 'The Bairns.' That charming Canadian story opened a new field for readers of fiction. The present story is limited to Eastern Scotland. It is a family picture, settling down chiefly to the experiences of a charming old maiden aunt—a most admirable delineation—and an equally charming niece."—*British Quarterly Review*.

YENSIE WALTON. An American Story.

By J. R. GRAHAM CLARK. With Frontispiece. Crown
8vo, cloth, 5s.

"In tone and spirit, plan and execution, this is a superb story. Rich in delineation of character, and in descriptions of real experience. A more fascinating and inspiring picture of a school-mistress, in one prolonged, prayerful, and sustained endeavour to lead an orphan pupil to Christ, was never drawn."—*General Baptist Magazine*.

BY EDWIN HODDER.

I.

**EPHRAIM AND HELAH. A Story of
the Exodus. Eighth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth
elegant, 5s.**

"Mr. Hodder gives a vivid description of the daily life of the Hebrews immediately at and before the time of the coming of Moses. The picture is full of interest."—*The Queen*.

II.

**TOSSED ON THE WAVES. A Story of
Young Life. Fifteenth Thousand. Fcap. 8vo, cloth,
3s. 6d.**

"We cannot think that a boy could take up the book without feeling its fascination, or without rising a better lad from its perusal. The scenes of life on the sea and in the colonies are peculiarly attractive."—*British Quarterly Review*.

III.

**THE JUNIOR CLERK. A Tale of City
Life. Fourteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.**

"Mr. Shipton observes that the author described this tale to him as a fiction. He remarks: 'It may be so to him, but for every one of his statements I could supply a fact. It is not merely true to nature as a narration of the means by which young men may be—it is a true record of the ways in which many have been, and many still are being—led to dishonour and ruin.' Such a recommendation as this will be sufficient to ensure for this little book a hearty welcome from many readers."—*Christian World*.

**THE WHITE CROSS AND DOVE OF
PEARLS. A Biography of Light and Shade. By
SARSON C. INGHAM. Sixth Thousand. Crown 8vo,
cloth, 5s.**

"'The White Cross and Dove of Pearls' will not disappoint the expectations of those who may already have formed justly high opinions of this strikingly original and sympathetic writer's ability to interest, to amuse, and to elevate her readers. It is a fiction without false sentiment, without unhealthy imagination, and without a single vulgar or frivolous idea."—*Daily Telegraph*.

 WORKS BY W. M. THAYER.

A SHILLING EDITION OF

FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE.

The Story of President Garfield's Life. Now Ready. 140th Thousand. In Paper Boards, Illustrated Cover, with Fine Steel Portrait. Cloth Edition, 1s. 6d.; Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; Illustrated Edition, gilt edges, 5s. Suitable for Presents, Prizes, and School Libraries.

II.

GEORGE WASHINGTON: His Boyhood and Manhood. With Steel Portrait. Fifth Thousand. Handsomely bound, 5s.

"The character of Washington was a very noble one, and his life may well be taken as an example by boys. The biography is written in a lively and pleasant tone, and without any of the dryness which is too often the accompaniment of this form of literature. While the details are all strictly historical, the characters are made to live and breathe."—*Standard*.

III.

TACT, PUSH, AND PRINCIPLE. A

Book for those who wish to Succeed in Life. Crown 8vo, cloth, handsomely bound, 3s. 6d.

IV.

THE PIONEER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT. The Story of the Life of Abraham Lincoln. Tenth Thousand. With Portrait. Handsomely bound, 5s.

Many of the details of this work were furnished by PRESIDENT LINCOLN himself, and by his early associates and friends.

"Mr. Thayer is not merely a biographer, a compiler of dry details, but he invests his subject with a halo of delightful romance, and the result is as pleasing as the most imaginative book of fiction. So cleverly has the author done his work, that the result is a combination of pictures from the life of this great man, with humorous anecdote and stirring narrative."—*Society*.

"The author has done his work thoroughly well, and the result is a book of exciting narrative, of humorous anecdote, and of lifelike portraiture."—*Daily Telegraph*.

 LONDON: HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

